JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV. 1955

3D EVERY THURSDAY

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW... By The EDITOR

SWAFFER ON 'HIDDEN HANDS'

NOTHING MUST CHEAT US! By A. G. G.

FOOD FACTS

SALT FISH

A winter extra

10d. *per lb.*

During the next three months, we shall have less than half the fresh fish which we had in the Summer, and catches will not improve until the early Spring.

To help make up for the loss of fresh fish, Canada and Newfoundland are sending us extra supplies, mainly of cod. To keep it in condition during its long journey the fish is heavily salted and it is necessary to remove this salt by soaking in water for about 24 hours. Your fishmonger will probably do this for you. Ask him how long the cod has been soaked, and if he says less than 24 hours, finish the soaking at home. But remember that once the salt is out, the fish must be treated like fresh cod and cooked the same day.

Don't go at it slap-dash. Give it a little time and attention, try new dishes with it and you will find this fish very good to eat as well as cheap and a change.

TO SOAK SALT FISH

If the fish has not been soaked at all, soak it in plenty of cold water, skin side up, for 24 hours. If possible, change the water once or twice during soaking.

TO BOIL SALT FISH

Drain from the soaking water and rinse the fish under the cold tap. Cut in convenient pieces; put in a pan with cold water to cover and bring slowly to the boil. Cook until tender, about ten minutes. Drain well and use as required.

SALT-FISH CAKES

Ingredients: ½ lb. soaked salted cod, cooked; ½ lb. mashed potatoes; 1 onion chopped finely; 1 tablespoon chopped parsley; pepper; a few drops of vinegar.

Method: Mix all ingredients together, form into cakes, dip into reconstituted egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in hot fat, or bake in the oven, when no extra fat is needed. *Note:* If preferred, the onion may be fried or boiled before adding to the other ingredients.

FISH CHOWDER

Ingredients: 1 lb. soaked fish; a little fat; 1 large onion, sliced; 2 bacon rinds; 2 medium raw potatoes, diced; 2 raw carrots, diced; 1 pint water; 2 level tablespoons flour; ½ pint milk; pepper; chopped parsley.

Method: Cut the fish into small pieces, and boil in unsalted water till tender. Fry the onion and bacon rinds in a little fat; add potatoes, carrots and water. Simmer for 10 minutes and then add the fish; cook until the potatoes are tender. Add the flour mixed with a little cold milk and stir until the mixture boils again; cook 2 - 3 minutes. Add remaining milk and reheat without boiling. Season with pepper and sprinkle with chopped parsley just before serving. This makes a thick nourishing soup for lunch or supper.

(All quantities for 4 people).

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT FROM TUESDAY TO FRIDAY AT 8.15 A.M.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 177

THE children's eagerness for 'Vimaltol' even extends to spreading it themselves . . . and it makes a most delicious spread on bread. With its delightfully sweet orange flavour it is as nice as the nicest jam.

'Vimaltol' is a valuable addition to your child's dietary. It is a concentrated, economical protective food prepared from the finest ingredients and incorporating the results of up-to-date dietetic research.

'Vimaltol' provides vitamins and other necessary food factors, and possesses important advantages for increasing strength and weight, maintaining reserves of energy and fortifying resistance against infection and winter ills. See that your child has 'Vimaltol' every day.

VIMALTOL

(VI-MALT-OL)

THE CONCENTRATED VITAMIN FOOD FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN AND ADULTS

Based on modern scientific research

In Two sizes, 3/- & 5/6

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The antiseptic lather of LIFEBUOY washes away the germs in dirt everywhere you use it

"We're so busy nowadays" says a mother "that it's grand to know that what Lifebuoy says it *does*. My fine, healthy children are proof of that!"

LIFEBUOY in the home means protection for the family

2½d per 4-oz. tablet — 1 coupon
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IT'S MORE THAN A GOOD SOAP —IT'S A GOOD HABIT

L 375-9-43 LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

TO PARENTS
of children between the ages of one and fifteen.

"I have four children under 10..."

says the

RADIO DOCTOR

"If I hadn't had them immunised against diphtheria I shouldn't sleep in my bed at night, and that's no exaggeration."

Ask at your Council Office or School or Welfare Centre — they will arrange free immunisation.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.

D13/1a.

Please leave Horlicks for those who need it most

ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

Where's my BOURNVILLE COCOA?

. . . We all need now that *extra* nourishment that Bournville Cocoa gives

ONLY 9½d A HALF-POUND TIN — AND NO POINTS

On Active Service

The Minister of Munitions— Electricity

During the war we are stinting our homes of Electricity. But *after* the war—what electric service we can promise ourselves!

'CAMP' COFFEE

Still contains ONLY good coffee, chicory and pure sugar

SCARCE BUT GOOD

Melt-in-the-mouth

SPONGE CAKE

It's made with *eggs*— just like pre-war!

What a blessing to have such a good supply of eggs — dried eggs — as we have now! Dried eggs, as you know, are new-laid, whole eggs, with only water and shell removed.

To make the sponge cake you need: 2 oz. margarine; 2 oz. sugar; 2 level tablesp. dried eggs; 4 tablesp. water; 5 oz. flour; pinch of salt; 4 level teasp. baking powder; lemon or vanilla essence; Cream the margarine and sugar together, add dried egg (dry), beat well. Alternately add water, and flour mixed with baking powder and salt to form a fairly stiff mixture, then add flavouring. Put into greased tins and bake in moderate oven about 20 mins.

Don't mix dried eggs with water till you are ready to use them.

You are allowed one packet of Dried Eggs per ration book every four weeks

Issued by the Ministry of Food, London, W.1

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, December 4, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

" Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

BIG MOVES

MOMENTOUS political events as well as decisive moves on the world's war fronts make this month memorable for all time.

Britain, the **U.S.A., Russia,** and our sometimes **forgotten ally China** are to-day **closer in agreement** on their **immediate** *and future* aims than ever before.

United We Stand

Military **plans are to be concerted.** Then, pooling our strength in a common strategy, we **shall be ready to begin** the last tremendous phase of the attack on Hitler's Europe.

Political policy is to be equally unanimous. The Great Powers are agreed on the action to be taken when Germany bites the dust.

The collapse of Italy made us stagger for a few all-important weeks; we shall not be caught on the wrong foot again.

Heavy Blows

Opportunity beckons us confidently forwards; full agreement between the United Nations' leaders can translate it into Victory.

The mighty German forces are reeling from the see-saw struggle on the Eastern Front. Transport and arms centres in the Fatherland are being bombed into rubble. The U-boat has been shattered.

And Germany's man-power crisis is so acute that after filling her factories with foreigners she is now diluting her army.

Call-Up

Thus, all fit Czechs with one German parent have been called-up for service on the Russian front.

Poles, threatened with death unless they enlisted, are being sent to Norway to replace German troops there.

Back-Door Entry?

But the Balkans, too, are hungry for men—men to guard Germany's back door.

It is threatened by Anglo-American armies which might invade either from the south or westwards from Italy. Soon it may also be menaced by Russia.

Tired Men

Against such contingencies, Rommel has thirty divisions in the Balkans. But if the quantity is large, the quality is low. Most of these troops are tired men, "resting" from the Russian front, under-equipped, with dreadfully poor lines of communication.

No, Germany's best reserves are being kept to meet an Anglo-American invasion of Western Europe.

Waiting for Us

Underground reports say that 250,000 troops have been massed in Jutland to lie in wait for us, and this figure may well be true.

Some German spokesmen expect us soon. They assert that "maps of France, iron rations for two days, life-belts and medical packs have already been issued to American troops. Armies and equipment are massing in Southern England."

Fishing

We may regard such reports as fishing expeditions. We can expect many premature alarms in the coming weeks.

The one certainty is that our invasion, when it begins, will be neither premature nor half-hearted. The preparations made for it are on so gigantic a scale as almost to seem incredible.

That our dispositions are now nearly complete is suggested by the despatch of large Canadian forces to Italy. News of other Allied forces will no doubt follow.

Going Slow

As for the Italian campaign, Alexander's break-through of the enemy "winter line" fulfils the prediction made in these columns a few weeks ago, and may even silence the enemy's sneers.

We have had bad luck in Italy. We have shown no imagination in our military strategy there. Our plodding progress has been cruelly hampered by preposterous weather. But at least we have secured a firm footing in Europe plus some valuable air bases.

Outer Circle

The lambasting of Sofia and the devastation of Toulon indicate that our circle of bombing is now complete. No part of Europe is any longer beyond range of *heavy* attack.

As for Berlin, it need only be said that Air Marshal Harris is pursuing a coldly scientific plan with ruthless determination. The partial evacuation of Paris should cause no surprise.

Copy-Cats

The Japanese, too, have their problems. Copying Nazi methods, they are recruiting workers and army labour battalions from the peoples of occupied countries. But, as could be expected, they are excelling their German teachers in the ferocity with which they apply their technique.

Mutual Help

In their severe setbacks, Japan and Germany are giving spurious comfort to each other.

● **JOHN BULL offers a Free Air Raid Insurance (underwritten at Lloyd's) to Fire Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, Home Guards—in fact, to every civilian reader.**

● *Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Scarcely a day passes without the Nazi propaganda megaphone trying to bolster up home morale with some fairy story of Japanese success and strength. Japanese people, on the other hand, are assured that Germany will soon bring Britain and the U.S.A. to their knees.

Coming Soon

But there is nothing fanciful in the Japanese official warning that "tremendous naval battles will come soon in the Pacific." The American admiral, Nimitz, agrees with him (and JOHN BULL beat them both by a fortnight).

Incidentally, not enough prominence has been given in Britain to news of the capture of Gilbert Islands. A great U.S. fleet had to concentrate 2,300 miles from its base, 1,000 miles farther even from the American military outpost in the Solomons.

Cutting Them Off

The real significance of this successful invasion is not that it has brought us so much nearer to Tokio, but that the Japanese sea lines of communications are now gravely imperilled.

And Japan will have to fight hard to try to restore the cut—besides facing the probability of operations elsewhere.

Welcome, Chiang!

Best of all news relating to the Far East, however, is the fact of Chiang Kai-shek's collaboration with the British and American leaders in plans for an overwhelming offensive when the war against Germany has been won. To say more would be both injudicious and unnecessary.

Next Step

The next step must, as Wendell Willkie has urged, be an economic plan for the peace.

Political and moral objectives must be based on realities. And the realities of the modern world are largely economic.

In other words, you can't have social justice if most people are underfed and the colonial peoples are exploited.

It's a Lot

A British Minister, Richard Law, has added his warning that when the war is over we shall face a dangerous period of economic upsets and shortages.

For one thing, we shall have to find 45,855,000 tons of food, raw materials and other necessities for Europe in the first six post-war months.

Hence the need to hasten the plans for the transition period between war and real peace.

Hanging Fire

Any country that sought unfairly to compete with another in that period would sow the seeds of another war. Co-operation, not competition, must be the keystone of international policy.

The stone has been laid. But it has not been cemented. In short, the Hot Springs agreement on distributing foodstuffs in the post-war world has not yet been ratified by the various Governments concerned. And food is only one of the problems!

Gone to Washington

Production must also be planned. Perhaps it is to discuss this that Sir Charles Hambro, banker and G.W.R. chairman, is going to Washington at the invitation of the British Government. But it would be interesting to know what his duties really are.

Again, the King's Speech hinted at new legislation to meet Britain's transition needs of food, work and homes for her people. But the hints were so vague that M.P.s are still uneasy.

Lord Croft Again

They want to know, for example, what Ministers propose to do about the dust-accumulating Uthwatt, Scott and Barlow reports. And the public will want to know if Ministerial anti-planners really represent the views of their Conservative colleagues in the Government.

Lord Croft, for example, has bobbed up again.

He tells us it is a "fallacy" to believe the country could afford to finance big post-war schemes.

Beveridge Answers

A day previously, Beveridge had argued instead that we should base the Budget not on the amount of taxation that can be imposed, but on the amount needed to put all our people in work.

Most of us would prefer Beveridge to Croft. Most of us, indeed, would prefer a policy of full employment to be coupled with the Beveridge scheme for Social Security—instead of the half-Beveridge measure that the Government apparently contemplates.

Will the people be content with half-measures for either the Transition or Reconstruction periods? We think not. Let us hope not!

(Continued overleaf)

NOT AT HOME

● **Some "Disgusted War Workers" have sent us an interesting document. It is a copy of a list of rules displayed in a house where war workers are billeted.**

And those rules are nicely calculated to make them feel like lepers—and to make other decent people feel like murder.

Rule 5, for example, states that "no friends are allowed to enter this house."

The next paragraph is equally forbidding: "No services are available, so it is useless to ask for anything."

Doors are bolted and locked from 10.30 p.m. The lodgers' room may be used only for sleeping and not as a sitting-room.

No meals of any kind will be supplied, warns Rule 9.

As a postscript, there is this terse and rather ungrammatical injunction:

"Keep in mind, we don't want you, and that you are put on us compulsory. We don't intend to make you comfortable; if you want comfort find somewhere else."

Unfortunately, this document is not unique. There are many war workers who would be happier if they could "find somewhere else."

Has the Ministry of Labour done all it could do towards the provision of decent accommodation? Is it really unavoidable that workers in strange towns should be deprived of the most elementary comforts of home?

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

TALKING like a schoolmaster who's threatening a beating, the Minister of Fuel and Power warned us of "Government steps" if the consumption of coal, gas and electricity doesn't go down.

That warning and the fresh ones of the last few days are justified. Of course they are.

Let's Have Sense

But let's look for a moment at some other Government steps which could be taken—not the sort of steps the Minister has in mind, but steps towards a bit more reasonableness in the administration for which he's responsible.

You can't blame the people all the time, tempting as their inability to hit back may be.

Lesson Time

Instead of using 25s. worth of electricity, an East London man cut his consumption to 17s. 1d. The Borough Council insists on his paying 7s. 11d. to make up the minimum charge.

There's been a good deal of agitation about this sort of thing. The Minister of Fuel and Power might well deliver another lesson—to the vested interests this time.

Getting Useless

And, as a change from asking the public to save, it might be a good thing, at the present stage of the winter, to send inspectors to every coal storage depot and dump. They would find tons of coal that ought to be used up immediately.

A coal merchant near Leicester tells us he has to keep a stock of 44 tons. He's had it two years, and it will soon be useless. But the M. of F. and P. say none must be lifted.

Far from Spoiled

A line or two tucked away in the newspapers last week said that the German miners were better looked after than any workmen in Europe.

A letter from a man who opted for mine work in this country shows that he and his mates are by no means spoiled.

Board is Right

About 40 mine-workers live in a hostel. Some of them have to pay up to 25s. a week for their board and lodging there.

Our correspondent shares an attic with two others. There is no fire. The only furniture is three beds and an old wooden chair. No cupboards. Clothes have to be hung on nails in the wall.

Brave Front

A Liverpool workers' canteen was opened the other day. Just before the ceremony the tables and forms were taken out and replaced by plush chairs. Expensive tablecloths and silver vases appeared.

The important guests arrived. They came in private cars. Thirty-one private cars. A few hundred yards away merchant ships lay waiting for the tide. They were getting ready for another trip into the U-boat lanes.

Perhaps to bring back more petrol.

Diversion

Miles away—in Southern England—an aerodrome is being built. For about five months the lorries delivering material have been using a certain entrance. Then they were ordered to go by a different route.

That meant eleven extra miles a load. About fifty lorries are working about four loads a day. Some 200 extra gallons of petrol are used up through the diversion. There ought to be a very good reason for it.

Tactless?

There ought to be a good reason because we should never relax for a moment the effort to save anything that costs seamen's lives.

It's important, too, to safeguard their good name.

Was it not rather tactless for the Recorder of Cambridge to tell a man the other day that he had a bad record and to give him the alternative of joining the Merchant Navy or going to Borstal?

Falling Rise

We sympathise with the merchant seaman with forty years' service who wrote to mention this case and to ask how long had Borstal been an alternative to the Merchant Navy.

We sympathise with another reader who has been given a wage increase lately. He's a labourer with the Ministry of Supply, earned £3 14s. a week with an extra 2s. 6d. for special heavy duties. They've given him another 2s. a week on his wage—and stopped paying the half-crown.

Long and—

It would be pleasant to hear the Ministry of Supply had put this right. This is no time to take sixpence of a man's income.

May we also appeal to the L.M.S. to reconsider the attitude to some of their employees—the men who want to become passenger guards. This work is responsible. It is sought after by employees with years of conscientious service. But there's a rule that passenger train guards must be 5 ft. 8 in. tall.

—Short of It

Many little men—with all the necessary training—are being kept from jobs they really want to do.

They see more and more women being brought in and they wonder whether in war time the physical standard regulations cannot be dropped.

After all, the Army has found that the small man can be every inch a soldier.

In Empty Shop

In the last week or two we have been trying to give some behind-the-scenes facts about housing conditions in Scotland.

Now a case has come into court which shows the real seriousness of the position. A Glasgow man—an ex-soldier—was found living with his wife and three children (one a girl aged three) in an empty shop.

Squatting

There was no sanitary accommodation of any sort. The family had been compelled to become squatters. They were given a week to find somewhere else to live.

Surely someone who hears of the case will help. If not, the ex-soldier may be forced to live in similar conditions elsewhere. At Greenock on Clydeside (20 miles or so from Glasgow) there are scores of squatters living in condemned houses.

Milk and M. of F.

A few weeks ago we told the story of a Scots mother whose baby died of meningitis at 13½ months, and who complained that she had not been able to get tuberculin-tested milk.

The Ministry of Food looked into the matter with exemplary speed. They know its their job to do so, and they do it well.

Two Applications

They found that the mother had asked twice at the local Food Office about changing her retailer so that her baby could have "T-T" milk. She was told that this milk was scarce, and that a change could only be granted in special circumstances. She went away.

Their Aim

Now she has made it clear that she has no complaint against the Food Office, and the Ministry of Food remind us of something we know—that they try hard to maintain the health of young children.

That's all very well, but JOHN BULL is still not satisfied.

We want it to be possible for every child to have "T-T" milk—with or without "special circumstances."

Good Work

Here's a little experience, unimportant in itself, but a pleasant instance of efficiency and Allied co-operation.

A woman lost her handbag in the crowded Oxford Circus area of London at about 11 p.m. At eight o'clock the next morning a policeman called at her home fifteen miles away to say that the bag was waiting for her at Vine Street. It had been returned by a Fighting French officer, who had found his way to the police station in the black-out before midnight.

Toy Time

Restrictions have now been lifted off the sale of Christmas toys, and the shoddy stuff we've been seeing can be ignored.

But not by the thousands of people who have already bought presents for their kiddies. They have spent all the money they can afford, so the Government decision does not affect them—except to make them furiously angry that it should have come into force too late.

"It's fine," said a young father who had spent hours collecting something for his children's stockings. "A marvellous idea—for next year."

★ **DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL**

is one of our most attractive and energetic women M.P.s. So often she's right in her Parliamentary struggles for justice that it's a pity she's fighting fanatically for married women's right to a legal share of the family income.

It's a pity because married women just don't want this legal right. Our letters prove it.

* * *

In almost every case they declare that the ordinary give-and-take of married life is good enough for them. Every now and then a wise wife points out that if she's given a right to a proportion of her husband's earnings, she'll very likely be worse off than she is now.

Dr. Summerskill is so keen on sex-equality that she won't expect a great deal of chivalry—which excuses us for telling her it's time she shut up about "wives' wages."

Where's the Doctor?

Hospitals are gravely overcrowded. We looked in at one the other day and found nearly a hundred people waiting in the out-patients' department.

Many of those to whom we talked were war workers. They had been waiting for hours—precious hours lost to war production.

Too Many, Too Few

Their own doctors were too busy to deal with them. But the hospitals are in equal difficulty—with too many patients and too few doctors.

Yet we hear of Service doctors who have so little to do that they are beginning to "get rusty." Some have not had a case for months!

Even It Out!

We know those Service medicos may have their hands full in the coming months. But is it really necessary for them to remain idle until the Western Front opens?

It should not be an impossibly difficult feat of organisation to "lend" them in the interim to hard-pressed hospitals. After all, they could easily be recalled at a few hours' notice.

BEHIND THE NEWS

● **Drinking water in Berlin last week came partly from the canals and river. So great was the shortage of water for fire-fighting that the pipe-system had to be secretly tampered with by Nazi officials.**

● *More important than water-shortage, Germans are terribly hard-pressed for petrol in Italy. American Warhawks did quiet little job the other day, blew up an entire train with 150,000 gallons of petrol, at Metkovic.*

● Up north again, special Nazi S.S. Black Guard units have been recalled to guard the German coastline between Emden and Schleswig-Holstein, where Hitler fears a direct invasion.

● **Hundreds of thousands of German factory workers, at the same time, have been enrolled in a Home Guard, but Nazis dare not arm potential rioters.**

● *Home item . . . look out for important prosecution of persons alleged to have carried on illegal furniture deals in a big way. Matter came to the notice of the authorities through a paragraph on this page.*

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

BY THE EDITOR

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

WITH the approach of Christmas many people separated from their families are naturally looking forward to a short holiday at home.

Nobody should grudge them this. War workers need an occasional break no less than the troops on home service.

And the Government is well aware that, apart altogether from humane considerations, the national war effort actually benefits by reasonable holiday intervals.

But there will be a twenty-mile limit on all week-end passes for soldiers this Christmas. Would it really be an intolerable hardship if a similar rule were adopted for civilians?

Because there is a limit to what the traffic will bear. That is why the Ministry of Transport cannot put on the extra trains it would like to do on occasions such as Christmas.

And that is why no would-be traveller can book a ticket without being asked by poster appeal: "Is your journey really necessary?"

JOHN BULL has always maintained that reasonable holiday travel *is* necessary, but we doubt whether the public fully realises the immensity of to-day's transport problem.

We have even heard exasperated and unthinking travellers protest that there *can't* be so many people using the railways under present conditions as there were before the war!

But there are. There are far more of them.

During the first six months of the present year 56,000,000 *more* passenger journeys were made than in the corresponding period of 1942.

And the strain upon national transport of every kind is likely to grow more, and not less, severe in coming months.

Moreover, when the Allies invade the Continent to open up another and final front, there will be such a call upon our transport resources as they have never had to meet before. And reserves must be built up now for this supreme occasion.

APPEALS to reason and common-sense have more force among us than any other kind of domestic propaganda. We therefore think it appropriate to tell our readers some of the difficulties with which the nation has to cope.

To begin with, the entire transport system is now linked up for national purposes. However and wherever goods and passengers are carried, the load has to be borne by the whole machine.

In other words, the more passenger trains are run, the fewer must be the goods trains. The less rail traffic, the heavier the burden on the roads, the canals and the coastwise ships. And so on indefinitely.

Until recently, shortage of shipping was our chief anxiety. A year ago sinkings were high and we could not use the short Mediterranean route to the East and the Near East.

Last Spring the shipping situation began to improve. The Allied anti-U-boat campaign became more effective. Sinkings declined and simultaneously we were able to avoid the long and costly voyages round the Cape.

In addition to this, American and British yards were building and repairing ships faster than ever. "Sir Launch-a-lot" Kaiser kept breaking new construction records and combined planning secured for the United Nations a much larger and faster merchant fleet.

Still there is no tonnage to spare.

During a period far more critical than the general public realised we had put into commission ships which would have been broken up in normal times, while running the good ones to the safety limit, if not beyond.

Now many of these grand, but "overworked," vessels are in need of repair or replacement—and it would be folly to count absolutely upon keeping the submarine menace down to recent low records.

Lord Leathers has had to give due weight to all these and many other factors in the general transport problem.

To relieve pressure on ocean-going vessels, his Ministry has been compelled to increase the burden on inland transport. Coasters and barges have carried increasing cargoes of coal and other home products from place to place in these islands.

The canals have been given a new lease of life, if only for duration. Since they came under national control a year ago, traffic upon them has increased to eleven and a quarter million tons.

But there is a shortage of barge crews and marine engines and the rainfall has been below average. For these reasons we cannot expect any considerable increase in the total of canal-borne freight.

Similarly, road haulage has touched something close to maximum.

By dint of every possible expedient the Ministry of Transport was able during the summer months to switch a lot of traffic from road to rail and thus to build up an important road-transport reserve.

But, as winter advances, the position will be reversed, and there will not be a single lorry to spare. Once again we must stress the fact that each form of transport is complementary to the other. The total maximum cannot be greatly expanded.

Mere figures of passenger and goods tonnage would convey little to the man in the street, but we take it on our own responsibility to assert that the national traffic is now carrying all that it will bear consistently with safety.

Up to a point, the Government *can* control the transport of goods. But, unless it be forced to apply new restrictions, it can neither control nor fully estimate the passenger call upon its total resources.

As we have said, passenger journeys have increased by 56,000,000 in six months of this year. Much of this increase can certainly be ascribed to continual arrivals of fresh American and Imperial troops together with all the supplies they require.

Unfortunately, it remains a fact that some millions of these journeys have been concerned solely with pleasure. There has been a vast number of them which were *not* really necessary.

Think it over. Indeed, let us all think twice before we decide to look up old So-and-so for a "spare" week-end; or to run up to "Town" for a little shopping, which could be done just as well and, possibly, more cheaply at home; or to travel *at all* for the mere sake of travelling.

Economy is a common-sense watchword for every sort of transport. War savings are required of us as much to save freight as to save money.

Every £1 we put into war savings certificates means a corresponding reduction in our personal call upon consumer goods; a small but definite easement of the nation's transport load.

OFTEN and often we have been reminded that our comrades are risking their lives to bring food and supplies to this country.

But it is equally true that millions of our fellow-citizens, in deep sea ships and small coastwise vessels, in barges and lorries and on goods and passenger trains and, last but not least, in every 'bus and motor-coach, are spending priceless national *time* to serve our needs.

There is a vital link between the problems of transport, labour, supply and military service. It is impossible to waste one without wasting another.

The sinews of war, says the old proverb, is money. But now more than ever time *is* money.

All who hope for early victory; all who look forward with impatience to the opening of the victory front in Western Europe; should make up their minds during the next few months to waste neither time nor money nor transport.

Passenger travel is *not* comfortable to-day. Trains and 'buses are almost always crowded and, during holiday periods, passengers are packed like sardines no matter where they go. Also—let's face it! Conditions are likely to become worse instead of better.

But what of that? Who cares what small discomforts have to be endured provided we can make this the last Christmas of the war against Germany? Who would grudge a little inconvenience or a little personal sacrifice to shorten the struggle for our brothers in uniform?

The traffic will bear only so much and no more. Decent citizens will take their turns cheerfully with their neighbours; move up to make as much room as they can; and live patiently in the confident hope of better days and easier travel after the war is won.

Bad News for Peace Speculators

THERE were no bargains for the little man when Government stocks were liquidated after the last war.

A few big buyers acquired hundreds of millions of pounds' worth of stuff for a mere song and, selling to the masses at monstrously high prices, became millionaires.

Some of the plant from last-war munition factories has been sold by them to the Government for use in this war—at nightmare profits.

★ ★ ★

Indeed, what used to be known as the War Disposal Scandal still remains one of the biggest scandals of the century.

Is it going to happen again?

We are sorry to give bad news to eagerly-awaiting speculators, but we have reason to believe it will not.

So far as textiles are concerned, an organisation known as the Surplus Textiles Corporation, Limited, is being formed with the Board of Trade's blessing.

It will buy, exchange and control all the textiles, clothes and other "soft goods" which the State may have on its hands when the war ends

★ ★ ★

And it will allocate those goods among its members.

Who are its members?

Well, no get-rich-quick, jump-the-market newcomer will be able to join the Corporation in an attempt to hold the public to ransom.

Membership is restricted to British Wholesale textile warehousemen whose business was established before August 31, 1939, and who have been engaged in wholesale distribution ever since.

The Corporation's council can refuse any firm that it considers undesirable, though it must admit any person considered eligible by the Board of Trade.

In short, the Corporation will be a go-between—a link between the Government and textile traders whose business is known to be sound and reputable.

No chance, here, for the slimy gentry who hope to cash in on our coming Victory as they so bloatedly cashed in on the last!

But, of course, textiles are only one kind of the immense "surplus stocks" which Peace will make available.

★ ★ ★

There will be huge dumps of every known material, of every article ever manufactured, from paper clips to mighty engines, from carpets to twenty-ton lorries.

So the Surplus Textiles Corporation should provide a pattern for other officially-blessed agencies.

And they should be set up in ample time to thwart the plans of would-be exploiters!

F. T.

Marshal JOSEPH STALIN
C.-in-C., the Soviet Forces

DEAR MARSHAL,—We are on the eve of great events. At any time now that assault on Hitler's fortress from the West may begin, and your most earnest wish come true—the Nazis involved in full-scale warfare on two fronts.

The breathing space granted the Anglo-American leaders to build up forces of tremendous striking power was made possible by three things—the genius of your leadership, the courage of the Red Army, and the miracles of production achieved by the men and women in Soviet war plants and factories.

Two years ago, when you had halted the German drive eastward and had saved Moscow from Nazi befoulment, you issued an order to the Red Army to carry out ruthlessly a war of extermination.

Since then hundreds of thousands of German homes have been bereaved; millions of Hitler's soldiers wounded.

When timorous people here saw in the Russian campaign only another smashing victory for German arms, you were contemptuously silent. You planned and worked. We have seen some of that planning come to fruition, and we have wondered, day after day, at the vision and confidence behind that planning.

Your vision is not confined to military strategy. Recent utterances prove that your mind is second to none in its grasp of international problems, both present and to come.

The Red bogy—that red-herring drawn across the world trail so successfully in the past—has been laid by your own outline of Soviet policy.

Berlin's hopes of exploiting a Russia stubborn and unyielding, committed to a policy of European domination, have faded into nothingness.

Just as the armies of Russia have earned our admiration and gratitude, so has your unfaltering resolve raised you to a pre-eminent place in world affairs.

We must remember our debt when the Second Front opens. But more than that, we must make up our minds that the bonds between us, forged by war, shall not weaken in times of peace.

Your conception of Government is not ours.

No matter.

The really important thing is that in Russia, as in Britain and America, there is an overriding ambition to outlaw war and to give to all decent people the right to be free and independent. That is the king-pin of the future.—JOHN BULL.

P.S.—To many people in this country you are just plain "Joe." Can praise or fame go higher?

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. LEONARD TRUSLER, Smithfield Market, E.C.

DEAR MR. TRUSLER,—To you has fallen an enviable yet unenvied task—the sharing out to retailers in the London area of turkeys and geese from Ireland.

Once I had a turkey, a luscious, succulent bird, which came out of the oven a rich golden brown. It was stuffed with chestnuts and real sausage meat.

To-day it is a memory—a noble memory which I shall dwell on when I sit down to my Christmas Day dinner.

Ah, well, many are called but few are chosen. And I don't suppose for a second that it's any use sending you my private address. But here's hoping!—JOHN BULL.

To the MINERS of ABERGORKI, Mountain Ash, Glamorganshire

DEAR "TARGET-BEATERS,"—Not often do I pick out 300 workers for a congratulatory salute.

But if my readers would seek justification for the praise I bestow they will find it in the grimy Union Jack which for more than half a year has fluttered at the pithead where you work.

That flag testifies to the fact that you have topped your production target for twenty-six consecutive weeks, cutting 11,500 extra tons of coal for the nation's fuel chest.

Because the bonus system is on a district basis and not awarded on the results of individual pits, you have not had a penny extra for your splendid effort.

Despite that, you are all out to beat the target for a second period of six months.

In the past it has been my duty to criticise miners for strikes and absenteeism. But I knew that the men whom I criticised were in the minority, and that the coal industry was teeming with men like you.

The flag flies proudly over Sicily and Italy and Africa.

The White Ensign sails the seas, unchecked. And the Red and White and Blue roundel of the R.A.F. rides the skies.

That's because, among other things, a Union Jack flies over the ground below which you work.

I know you'll keep it flying. And I hope your example will lead to other flags being unfurled over other pitheads. Thank you, gentlemen.—JOHN BULL.

Air Chief Marshal Sir ARTHUR HARRIS, C.-in-C., Bomber Command

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—I never imagined that the day would come when, without fear of libel action, I could congratulate a world-famous man on his name being placed on a "criminal" register.

Just before your armadas of four-engined bombers blasted the heart of Berlin into piles of rubble, the Nazis announced that you had been included in a "war criminals" register because you have advocated "terroristic" air war.

Here is praise indeed. And not only praise, but the very measure of the fear which your all-out bombing policy has awakened in the hearts of Hitler and his gang.

You smash Berlin and they make you a "criminal." Here is fine consolation for the bereaved Berliners, their burnt-out homes, their wrecked thoroughfares, their shattered nerves.

Having been solemnly indicted by the Nazi thugs, you may perhaps feel that you should justify fully the "charge" against you, and go ahead with your "terrorism."

If I know the Nazis, you'll end as their "War Criminal No. 1."

No man fighting the evil beast sprawled over Europe can ever hope to gain more striking tribute to the efficacy of his endeavours.—JOHN BULL.

Councillor Mrs. CONROY DIXON, Salisbury

DEAR MADAM,—Once in the good old days, when cooking was cooking, ma'am, and a woman would read without a shudder, "Take the yolk of six eggs . . ." we poor men used to sit back and pray for the best, especially when our shy young brides admitted that they didn't know much about cooking.

But you're out to change all that. Men should share the cooking, you say, and next month you are beginning evening cookery classes for men.

The idea may spread. And the wives with dyspepsia will have only themselves to blame.

Besides, in the words of a famous Yorkshire song, "that's wheer us gets us owen back."—JOHN BULL.

M. EMILE CAMMAERTS, University of London

DEAR PROFESSOR,—You must have been one of the most bitterly disappointed men in Britain when Mr. Dingle Foot, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Economic Warfare, recently refused to lift further the blockade of German-occupied territory.

For months now you have done everything in your persuasive power to convince the authorities in this country that unless essential foodstuffs reach Belgium soon the harm done to the children of your country as a result of malnutrition will be irreparable.

The picture you present of conditions in unhappy Belgium is an agonising one.

Children are so weak that they spend only two hours a day at school. They don't play games because their brittle bones break so easily. They weep if food is mentioned.

Diseases like tuberculosis, rickets and scurvy are widespread.

Mr. Foot admits that there are distinct shortages for children of school age, but maintains that the ration figures do not represent a starvation diet.

War's demands are harsh. The Allies cannot leave undone anything that will bring victory nearer. Nor, at this critical juncture, dare they do anything which will increase in any way Germany's power to resist.

The children of Belgium are the victims of German aggression. The people of Britain sorrow for them, and their sorrow is the deeper because the necessities of war preclude that help which, in other circumstances, would be given in overflowing measure.—JOHN BULL.

In Search of Christmas

ARGUE IT OUT

☆

By PALLAS

THE American fighter pilot was from Florida, that part of the United States which in happier days provided the sons and daughters of the rich with sunlit warm playgrounds.

He was a quiet, gentle, cultured lad—as different from misguided and film-inspired conception of an American gogetter as cut glass is from a war time bottle-green tumbler.

He was still bewildered by the English scene. When I met him he had been only a few weeks here.

When we met the skies were dark and overcast, there was a thin cold drizzle blanketing the city and London looked as though it were preparing for an international conference of morticians—sorry, that's American influence—undertakers.

But the fighter pilot was light of heart.

Only one thought cast a small shadow over the brightness of his mind—that for the first time in his life he would be away from the old folk at Christmas. He wasn't worried about the usual spread.

No. He was going to miss the atmosphere of Christmas at home.

He's only one of millions of men and women who will be robbed by war of family reunion joys. But that's no consolation to him.

"Anyway," he said, "I guess you people here aren't worrying much about Christmas. This will be your fifth blackout Christmas and I suppose I shouldn't care much about missing only one Christmas at home."

He was wrong. People are worrying—no, that's a misused word; I should write "caring"—about Christmas.

There'll be few turkeys and geese. Apples and oranges will be as scarce as strawberries used to be.

Crackers? You'll have to make them yourself if you want any. Port, sherry, a cake made with eggs and butter? Nuts, raisins, a piece of ripe Stilton or luscious Wensleydale? Chocolates? No, no, NO!

But do these things really matter?

Christmas lives, and will live, without the feasting, the wining, the parties and the frolics.

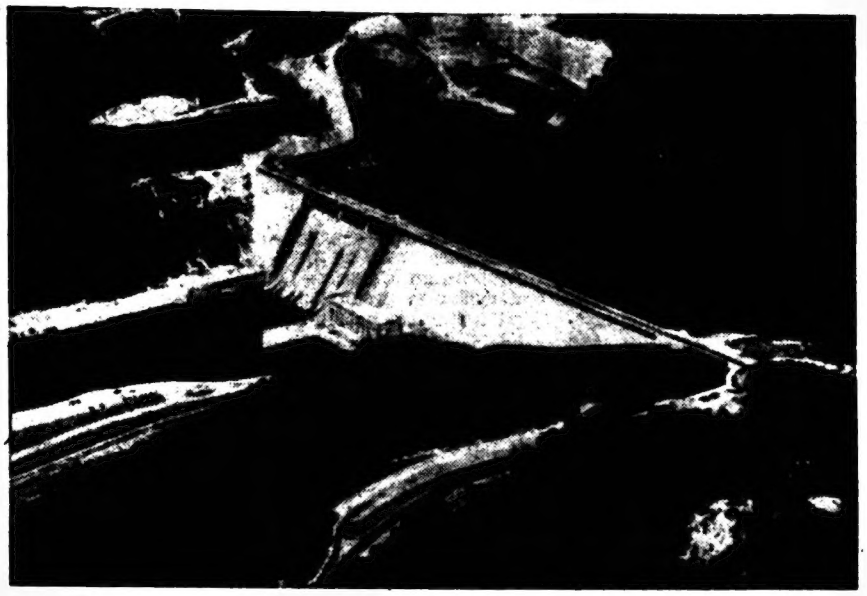
All this and more I tried to explain to the American fighter pilot. As the war drags on, and its demands on our substance grow ever more exacting, so do the spiritual urges grow in the hearts of men and women.

I hope for his sake that my American friend is able to spend Christmas Day with an English family. Only then will he begin to understand what I was trying to explain to him.

★ **"Miracles do happen still; here is one that should be repeated in other places"**

Says

JEFFREY TRUBY



The beautiful Norris dam alone cost more than seven-and-a-half million pounds

There's Hope for All in T.V.A.

SOME people say 'it's unwise to meddle with the course of Nature. They are just ignorant.

There are others who argue that official planning would drain dry the springs of human enterprise and endeavour. They are fools.

What ignorance and folly it would be not to learn from one of the miracles of our time the marvel by which millions have been raised from the edge of starvation to the peak of prosperity, the triumph that has converted a vast desert into a land of abundance.

Region of Poverty

Go back ten years. Imagine yourself on the banks of the Tennessee.

It isn't what you'd call a main river. Only the tributary of a tributary—for it flows into the Ohio, which flows into the Mississippi. But a mighty river to British eyes.

Its length is 900 miles. Its basin is nearly as big as England and Wales put together.

A region of dreadful poverty, disease and squalor in 1933. A population of only two and a half millions, most of them "poor whites."

These hill-billy farmers, in their tatters and rough-shack homes, scratched hardly a living.

The heavy rain of the region swept the soil away from their holdings. So they would move up to a wooded mountainside, burn the timber off the steep slopes and plant maize.

Since they could not afford fertilisers the soil would soon become a barren wilderness. Off they would move again, like primitive African tribes, to repeat the process somewhere else.

Eventually the whole land was exhausted.

Malaria and tuberculosis and hookworm ravaged the human victims of vindictive Nature.

Then a cripple saw that this vast panorama of horror could be transformed into a scene of splendour.

He was Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

The mighty river should be harnessed to generate electricity. And electricity should change the face of the region and the lives of its community.

A grand start for his New Deal!

But he had to fight the prejudices of the old-fashioned and the enmity of Big Business.

Private electricity companies thought that cheap current would reduce their profits. They took action against the President in the courts.

They lost. They tried again. And again.

In all, they brought fifty actions. Undoubtedly the President would have been beaten but for the fact that the Constitution empowered the Federal Government to prevent floods.

Well, the floods *were* stopped.

The Tennessee Valley Authority (T.V.A. for short) was set up to develop the entire region. A board of three directors administered departments dealing with construction, materials, forestry and so on, and the work started.

Nine huge dams were built across the river. They ranged in length from under half a mile to more than a mile and a half; in height from 72 ft. to 160 ft.

World's Biggest Job

It was a bigger job than the Panama Canal itself.

The concrete was mixed in huge barges—90 ft. long, 40 ft. wide—which were moved up river as required. Sand and gravel were ferried upstream to feed them: cranes swung the concrete from the mixing barges to the forms.

For the Wheeler Dam alone 700,000 cubic yards of aggregate and the same amount of cement were used!

And smaller dams were built on the Tennessee's lesser rivers.

Aeroplanes were used for surveying. The army lent its best engineers.

The workers were not treated as if they were mere ants—which so often happens on big construction jobs.

Well-Housed Workers

They were not housed in shacks. Architects designed for them beautiful and movable little houses which could be taken to pieces and reassembled in a few hours—a notable experiment in prefabrication.

As the work went on, and the landscape was changed, prosperity came to the whole region.

The ignorance and hostility of the poverty-stricken farmers were lessened by persuasion and example.

In each district they were called together to choose one of their number to run his farm on demonstration lines. Moreover, the group—aided by the county agent—formed a committee to decide which crops should be grown and where.

Expert advice was available at every turn. So were fertilisers.

Land unsuitable for arable crops was put back into grass or forest; new methods of ploughing prevented soil erosion; dairying and livestock industries were encouraged.

The demonstration farms soon proved their worth. The rest of the 800,000 farmers began to adopt their methods, and for the first time in their life found themselves with a good bank balance.

Where there had been ugliness now was loveliness. The river was made into a series of lakes some 1,100 square miles in extent (the English Lake District covers less than 25 square miles); and bays and inlets among the woods created vistas of beauty.

Two thousand tons of fish were emptied into the lakes—yes, two thousand tons. Sailing, rowing, motor-boating became popular pastimes.

"A million fishing trips on T.V.A. lakes represent far more than the economics involved. They represent a million adventures in healthful recreation, having a value that cannot be estimated."

The T.V.A. officials got busy with housing, with education, with dramatic architecture, in which machinery and structure are combined in original designs of great beauty. Even the cranes and pulleys fit into the landscape.

They took over the police, fire services, roads and other public services. They improved medical services and fostered medical research.

They tried out new methods of extracting aluminium and magnesium from common materials—methods which have been of enormous value in the war.

Tenants of woodlands were encouraged to grow walnut, filbert, sweet chestnut and other trees which would yield them a quick return. New fruit industries were established.

But still Big Business, jealous of State competition, fought the President.

Tens of thousands of letters and telegrams from Party bosses demanded that T.V.A. jobs should be given to friends of the bosses. Roosevelt refused to budge.

In 1938 a Congress committee spent six weeks in the region and another five weeks in Washington to investigate charges of mismanagement. A majority report gave high praise to the integrity and efficiency of the T.V.A. administration.

It's a Model

Now, at last, the agitation is dying down. The success of T.V.A. is acknowledged all over the world.

Its housing methods have been used for aircraft and other war workers throughout the U.S.A. Its power system has been adopted by Russia, Central and South America.

Its malaria control is used by China, its transport methods have been adopted by the Middle East Supply Council and other new planning agencies, its tuberculosis measures are studied in every land.

The whole story of this magnificent achievement has been told by Dr. Julian Huxley in a new book, "T.V.A. Adventures in Planning" (Architectural Press, 8s. 6d.), in which more than 150 fine pictures demonstrate that a modern civilisation can be beautiful as well as prosperous.

Maybe T.V.A. points the way to similar developments in Scotland and the Danube. For we should be foolish to ignore the benefits that sensible planing could confer on a post-war Europe.

CASTAWAY'S DE LUXE CRUISE!

THE sub-chaser curled away from the flank of the convoy and shed two rising bow waves as it sped towards the speck on the horizon.

Some minutes later her skipper looked down on a trio of modern life rafts, lashed together fore and aft.

* * *

The stern raft seemed to be performing the duties of a supply ship, for among its neatly stowed impedimenta the skipper's keen eyes picked out several emergency food kits and many packets of cigarettes.

Planted squarely in its centre was a comfortable settee, above which was a sun canopy of skilfully draped blankets, and lolling on the settee was a sun-bronzed, half-naked man, the picture of glowing health, luxuriously smoking a cigarette.

The skipper decided that it must be a Nazi trick—an attempt to foist off a saboteur as a so-called castaway.

It was not, in fact, until the convoy reached America and the stranger's fingerprints had been taken and checked by the Federal Bureau of Investigation that his story was proved true.

He was, as he had told the skipper of the sub-chaser, radio operator of the S.S. ——, which, sailing in convoy, had been torpedoed in the black of night.

Sticking to his damaged transmitter, he had attempted to coax some life out of it, but had failed, incidentally only leaving himself just time to get off the crippled ship before it went down.

He got off quick, by the simple process of diving into the sea and swimming until he bumped into something.

The something he bumped into was solid, and when he clambered aboard it his sense of touch told him it was a life raft. Then he began to holler.

Had he known that the rest of the crew had been picked up by rescue ships now well out of hearing, he could have saved his breath.

Next morning luxury appeared, first in the shape of floating packages of cigarettes, of which he managed to scoop fifty boxes out of the water, and next in the shape of another life raft, which he lashed to his own.

The wreckage still bobbing about then passed him a settee, which he somehow manhandled on board, and a third raft.

The sea was calm, and he settled down to a routine of eating, dozing, smoking, fishing, sunbathing, and sleeping.

He even included an evening constitutional fore and aft across his string of rafts, faithfully following this up by notching the passage of another day on the mast.

* * *

There were twenty-eight such notches when the sub-chaser came fussing up and "rescued" him.

Taking it by and large, its arrival must have been a bit of a blow!

PATRICK SPENCER.

★ Only public control can check "Unseen Fascism"

Swaffer on 'Hidden Hands'

"Mosley couldn't inspire even a couple of idiots"

AS past my window overlooking Trafalgar Square, processions went by demanding: "Put Mosley back in jail!" I wondered why, instead of making so much fuss about a discredited fool being let out of prison because he was seriously ill, people were not worrying about things much more important.

Mind you, although I accept Morrison's view of the matter—that, now the danger of invasion is past, 18B can be relaxed, especially in the case of sick persons and political imbeciles—I welcome the processions and the protests as signs that public opinion is at last reasserting itself.

Plain Warning

That, in itself, is a warning to our rulers that more serious things will happen unless the Beveridge Plan goes through, land and rent racketeering is stopped, and the New World pledges are kept.

But it is not Mosleyism and its madness that we have to fear.

It is appeasement with fake-repentant Fascists in the conquered lands, our attempts to bolster up "stable governments" and Churchill's avowed pro-monarchical sympathies in regard to Yugoslavia and Greece, where the patriots dread a return to the old order.

Mosley, now, is only 'arf-a-Mosley. He couldn't inspire even a couple of idiots.

What Bernard Shaw fears is "Unseen Fascism" and our drifting into a corporate state run for the benefit of landowners and capitalists, with the trade unions acquiescent so long as their members got bigger wages under it.

Actually, under your very eyes, although you will not see that this is what is the peril, industrialist groups of the kind that, with the intention of destroying Socialism, backed Hitler in Germany, Mussolini in Italy and Mosley here, have the real power in Britain.

More and more, bankers, Big Business, insurance companies, film corporations and vast manufacturing concerns are becoming interlinked with the aim of extracting even greater profits from a system that stands self-condemned as the causes of a war in which its incompetence has been exposed to all the world.

While only public control can check its activities, its advocates, bleating about the woes of the owners of small shops that Big Business is destroying, shout "Off with the control" and "We want liberty!"

One form of "Unseen Fascism" is the cartel of a ring of producers or distributors controlling domestic or foreign markets, or both.

These give the consumer no freedom of choice, secretly fix prices at high levels; and suppress inventions.

Henry A. Wallace, the farseeing Vice-President of the United States, has explained the evil in these words:

"The peoples and the governments of the world have unwittingly let the cartels and the monopolies form a super-Government by means of which they could monopolise and divide whole fields of science and carve up the markets of the world at their own sweet pleasure."

He flatly accused American big business of having put its agreements with German firms before its obligations to its own Government!

Talking about **synthetic rubber**, Wallace said that a great American oil company and I.G. Farben, the German chemical Colossus, "made a deal. The Germans were given a world monopoly of synthetic rubber. The Americans were given a monopoly of synthetic gasolene."

As a consequence, for five years the production of butyl rubber was held back, although the American company had invented it and knew that it possessed greater possibilities than buna, which was the subject of agreement.

"Cartels," declared Wallace, "are 'economic Empires' which have usurped the sovereignty of the people."

After the Jap capture of the Dutch East Indies and Malaya, which meant that we had lost most of our raw rubber supplies, it was discovered that there was a cartel agreement between Britain, the United States and German firms covering the development, production, and research of synthetic rubber.

Under the terms of this cartel, research and production had been deliberately restricted in Great Britain and America.

This might have lost the war!

Last year, Guenter Reimann wrote in "Patents for Hitler" about some of these economic Empires.

Starved of Oil

Liechtenstein, a country of only 12,000 people, was selected by the German chemical combine, and by others, as one of the centres for super-national world Empires.

The purpose of one company was to control the exploitation of **synthetic oil** patents in the entire world outside Germany and America.

Mr. Reimann also alleged that a British combine jeopardised this scheme by discovering another process, but that they were induced to join in. "As a consequence, the outbreak of war," asserted Reimann, "found Britain almost completely unprepared for the synthetic production of oil!"

Most people will remember the **aluminium** scare in this country after the fall of Norway and France, big sources of bauxite supply.

Lord Beaverbrook ran a hysterical campaign, calling upon housewives to hand over all their **aluminium** domestic utensils, carpet cleaners, and so on.

But he did not tell them that this was due to the past operations of the international aluminium cartel formed in 1931. Industrial combines of nearly all the leading countries were in it. Even the Aluminium Company of America, which was precluded from direct participation by its own country's anti-Trust laws, managed to join up by forming a subsidiary company in Canada.

In consequence of an agreement with Germany, other countries restricted their output. Thus the Nazis were allowed to pile up war material, while nations soon at war with them were left unprepared for the conflict.

This is only one of the cartels which gave the Nazis such a long start and almost gave Hitler the world.

Chance for Hitler

Another example is **magnesium**, even lighter than aluminium.

Cartel manipulators agreed to restrict output of this metal as it competed with aluminium. But Germany went all out, and thus had another great advantage at the beginning of the war.

Similar schemes can be quoted almost indefinitely. Some certainly covered most metals—including **steel**, and also **fertilisers**, **lenses** and **other scientific instruments**.

A particularly anti-social agreement was the international **quinine** cartel, as a result of which many men have died in this war, because this drug was not available.

But the cunning Germans secured permission to develop **stabrine**—a synthetic quinine—while, in order to keep up prices, the cartel continued to restrict the output of life-saving quinine. It even went to the length of forcing the Dutch growers of cinchona bark, from which quinine is made, to burn up to 50 per cent. of their output!

In their fear of losing profits because of the abundance which Nature and Science had placed at the disposal of mankind, these international representatives of private enterprise turned a blind eye to the sinister plans behind the Nazis' accumulation of supplies of natural and synthetic materials of all kinds.

The policy of cartels is one of restriction and scarcity so as to keep up prices and profits. It must be ended!

Morrison, the man blamed for Mosley's release, is much more concerned about cartels.

"They are independent empires," he declares. "Either they are our creatures or we are theirs, with our democratic government as a puppet in their hands.

"They are free to declare war with other empires, at home or abroad, to make peace with them, to make treaties, to enter into alliances.

"They have within their grasp powers over fields of public well-being and public policy far greater in practice than Parliament itself wields in the great majority of its legislation."

That is what I mean by "unseen Fascism." It is the most sinister of all the dangers we have to fear.

Noth

WE have made a stumble, a bad stumbl in the Dodecanese. We took half measures there and have suffere the consequences which alway attend half-measures. Either we shoul have gone in irresistible force or we shoul have left the islands alone.

Hitler saw his chance to do two things— to relieve the gloom on his home front with spectacular stroke and to stem the drift o Turkey into the war against him.

For the first time for more than a year round has gone to him. It is a warning tha should be heeded.

But let us see this matter in due propor tion. It is lamentable, but it is not a calamity It is a minor event, a local whirlpool, which does not affect the great tidal movement o the war.

That sweeps on with unremitting might Not since Stalingrad and El Alamein has there been, until now, a single check, a single blo on the Allied copybook. *We have gone from strength to strength—and are still going.*

When I think back to those dark days o 1940 I am impressed by the imaginative greatness that has redeemed us from the helplessness and loneliness of that time when France had fallen, Germany was coquetting with Russia, and America was still wedded t isolation.

Compared with the last war this war ha been a miracle of far-seeing statesmanship and strategy.

It has been free alike from the political intrigues, the feuds, the abour troubles and the disruptive propaganda of Lord Northcliffe which then bedevilled the war effort.

* * *

We have achieved a national solidarity unprecedented in our history. It is thi solidarity that has brought us in sight o victory. It is this solidarity we must maintain to the end.

This needs stressing now, for there are disquieting symptoms at home and abroad.

Hitler has now nothing to hope for except internal trouble among the Allies. The Moscow Conference has dashed that hope so far as the Grand Alliance is concerned, and the meeting of the Big Three will extinguish it altogether.

But lesser happenings may well play into Hitler's hands and prolong the war. I will refer to one of the most grievous of them.

Nothing in that deadly peril of 1940 did more to save our skin than the prompt action of Labour in throwing itself whole-heartedly into the struggle. At one stroke it removed all possibility of serious internal strife.

It was that strife which was one of the heaviest handicaps in the last war. It gave the enemy the impression of a divided country. More than once it brought production to the brink of collapse.

This time there has been no flaw in our armour. Labour has borne its full share of the responsibilities of government, and the loyalty of its leaders to the cause has been

ing Must Cheat Us!

—and nothing must be allowed to prolong the war

By A. G. GARDINER

★

Strikers have handicapped the productive power of the vast loyal majority of workers

★

beyond challenge or praise. Equally the loyalty of Labour to its leaders has been unfaltering.

But in recent months a disturbing tendency has revealed itself. Sporadic strikes have broken out in various parts of the country and in various industries.

Here, twenty thousand workers have stopped work in connection with women's pay. There, thousands more have done the same because of some incident of boy labour, some question about the discharge of a workman, some disagreement with the management about the working of mine or factory. And so on.

ALL THESE INCIDENTS HAVE HAD CERTAIN GRAVE FEATURES IN COMMON. THEY HAVE BEEN BLOWS STRUCK AGAINST THE SAFETY OF THE STATE IN A TIME OF EXTREME DANGER.

They have been blows struck against the authority of Parliament, and therefore against the gospel of democratic self-government.

They have been blows struck against the great body of Labour. For in stopping production themselves the strikers have crippled the productive power of the vast loyal majority of workers.

* * *

They have been blows struck at the brave men who, by sea, land or air, are risking their lives to save the liberties we all enjoy and for which we are fighting. What must be the thoughts of such men—seamen, airmen, soldiers—as they read of these frivolous treacheries that, widely practised, would leave them disarmed before their enemies?

In a word, these blows are struck, not for Britain and freedom, but for Hitler and tyranny.

Nor is this all. In all the cases to which I allude the strikes have taken place, not only in defiance of the impartial Wages Board decisions: they have taken place in defiance of the commands of the elected leaders of the trade unions concerned.

This is mutiny. If it is condoned and widely imitated, the result will be anarchy.

Trade unionism will cease to be a disciplined force, obedient to its own appointed leaders and loyal to its own contractual agreements.

It will become a leaderless mob, swayed by emotion and at the mercy of any glib firebrand eager for office and reckless of consequences.

* * *

Against this spirit of lawlessness all concerned for the future of organised Labour must declare relentless war. They must kill this thing, or it will kill them and all they stand for.

Hitler has set out to destroy the rule of law in Europe. We cannot combat him by permitting the destruction of the rule of law at home.

I have stressed this matter, not because of its bearing upon the future of the trade union movement, but because of its relation to the war.

If we encourage Hitler to think that we are crumbling at home, and discourage our Allies and our men at the front by such levities as those I have described, we shall not lose the war, but we shall prolong it.

* * *

And there is another way in which it may be prolonged. It is to be hoped that by this time the mischief done in the Lebanon has been allayed.

But that mischief ought never to have occurred. The fact that it did occur must fill our Government and our Allies with anxiety in regard to some of the influences controlling the Free French movement.

Laval himself could not have conceived anything more calculated to upset our apple-cart in the Middle East than what has happened there.

Nor could he have timed it to happen more disastrously for us. Coming just when we were being tripped up in the Dodecanese, it might well be enough to cause Turkey to think again before choosing this moment to come into the war on our side.

We have been studiously careful not to interfere in French affairs, however provocative they have been at times. But the limit has been reached in the Lebanon. Before we divert great masses of British and American arms to the North African Army we must have the assurance that they will not be used to add a formidable Arab revolt to our perplexities.

That is one of the things that Hitler has never ceased to angle for, and the Lebanon affair has come dangerously near to making a free gift of it to him.

If we are to finish the war quickly, as we can do and should do, there must be no sabotage on the home front, and no more Lebanon follies on the battle-front.

Germans Plot to Escape Justice

THOUGH they still publicly vaunt their belief in victory, the German leaders are making private plans for their escape to safety.

They realise that the Allies will seek them out should they try to find asylum in neutral countries.

So they look hopefully towards the land of the Rising Sun and see in Japan a haven from European justice.

★ ★ ★

How can they reach this sanctuary? It is not a simple matter, and plans are being made with Teutonic thoroughness.

They have decided that there are two means of transport at their disposal and three alternate routes.

They could go by U-boat *via* the Cape; a long journey, but a comparatively safe one and a voyage well within the range of the largest submarines now in commission.

Japanese submarines have already sailed unharmed from Singapore to Lorient and, therefore, the journey could be made from West to East, and with ease if torpedoes were replaced by extra fuel tanks.

These additional tanks would make it unnecessary for German or Japanese tankers to meet the submarine half way for refuelling purposes.

The other method of escape under consideration is by air—quicker but not so safe.

News comes out of Germany that the long-range Focke-Wulf Condor seaplanes (chiefly used by the German Coastal Command in the Bay of Biscay for raiding Allied convoys) are being slowly withdrawn from military service.

They are being transformed into passenger transport 'planes for use by German officials.

★ ★ ★

The machines are to be provided with larger petrol tanks in place of bomb-racks and will be able to fly non-stop for over twenty hours.

As the Condor's speed is about 170 miles per hour, twenty hours gives them a range of over 3,500 miles.

This is more than enough to reach Japan, or the Japanese controlled countries, and there are two routes from which to choose.

★ ★ ★

The flight can be made from Norway, *viâ* the Arctic to Sakhalin and the Northern Japanese islands (and much more dangerous journeys were made by Soviet pilots from Moscow to California before the war), or there is the Black Sea route.

This course would be across Turkey, Iran and the southern tip of India, with possible landings in Thailand, Sumatra or Malaya, before completing the trip to Tokio.

Such is the plan. It may work out successfully for some hundreds of the Nazi war criminals and doubtless the Japanese will give them a welcome.

But that is not the end of the story. Japan will also surrender.

When that time comes, the European gangsters will find that they have merely had a reprieve from the justice that will hunt down Tojo as relentlessly as themselves.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

*** MEAKIN TEVIOT HAD AN UNPLEASANT WAY OF MAKING MONEY UNTIL HE CHOSE THE WRONG VICTIM FOR HIS AMBITIOUS PLANS**

A Slight Case of Blackmail

By Harry Hearson

He proved to be a thin, smoothly tailored, smooth-voiced man with pomaded black hair

IT was unfortunate for Meakin Teviot that, although Mr. Babbington forgot all normal things, such as the posting of important letters and the bringing home of items his wife asked him to get in Town, he never forgot a name.

So when Mr. Babbington received a letter signed Meakin Teviot, asking for a private interview and delicately hinting at blackmail, he passed it over the toast rack to his wife.

"Look here, Nellie," he said. "Isn't this the blighter who swindled you out of your father's money?"

Mrs. Babbington skimmed through the letter to the flowery signature. "Why, yes, George. It must be the same man."

Presently his eyes focused themselves on his wife's again. "I'll see him. You never know. It might be a chance we've been waiting for. He wouldn't have connected your married name with the Brazilian Gold Reef Company."

Mrs. Babbington's eyes were troubled. "You'll be careful, George, won't you? He's not the sort of man——"

"I'll be careful, dear."

Travelling up in the train, Mr. Babbington's thoughts naturally harked back to the days of the Gold Reef swindle.

It was in 1918, and Mr. Babbington, invalided out of the Army in the Spring, had met Nellie Marsh in a convalescent home.

There had been a time in the early summer when his brother Tom had appeared as an eager rival.

THE brothers were so alike in many ways, and Mr. Babbington's inherent sense of sportsmanship had prevented him from telling her that Tom was regarded by the family as something of a black sheep.

It was common knowledge that Nellie had recently inherited her father's money, and Mr Babbington was afraid that Tom . .

What was unknown to either of them, however, was that Nellie had been persuaded to invest her legacy in the Brazilian Gold Reef Company by Meakin Teviot. She had met the company promoter at a week-end party, and he had improved the shining hour on the doubtful grounds of being an old business friend of her father's.

Then had come the bursting of the bubble, and Nellie had been left almost penniless.

Tom, to use a phrase popular nowadays, had gone with the wind, and George had married Nellie in the September of 1918. Meakin Teviot, eh!

He proved to be a thin, smoothly tailored, smooth-voiced man with pomaded black hair and a thin line of black moustache. He looked prosperous—as well he might, Mr. Babbington reflected, seeing that he had always managed to steer a few inches clear of the ditch represented by the law.

He had arrived at Mr. Babbington's office to the minute specified, and having laid his hat, gloves and cane carefully across a corner of Mr. Babbington's desk, had seated himself with exquisite languor.

Mr. Babbington cleared his throat. "You—er—wished to show me something, I think," he ventured.

Meakin Teviot smiled, and produced an envelope from which he withdrew a photograph.

"I do not think, my dear Mr. Babbington," he said, "that we need waste many words. I have made inquiries and learn that you are a happily married man, and it occurred to me that you might be interested in this photograph.

"I happened to be in Torquay on September 27, and quite by chance, when strolling along the promenade, I glanced down and saw—well, you will see what I saw.

"I always carry a little camera with me for this sort of gambling chance, and I must say I have found it a profitable investment."

MR. BABBINGTON blinked, and a spasm crossed his chubby face.

Meakin Teviot's smile broadened.

The photograph—an exceptionally clear one—presented a foreshortened view of a man and a girl seated side by side on the beach. Nobody who knew him could fail to recognise the man as Mr. Babbington.

The girl, whose platinum blonde head was resting on the man's shoulder, had her body twisted in such a way that her already economical bathing costume had assumed an even more revealing effect than its designer had intended—and his intentions had been worldly!

"Good, isn't it?" said Meakin Teviot. "These miniature cameras get surprisingly clear results."

"Yes, very clear." Mr. Babbington's usually cheerful voice was flat and expressionless. He seemed to be weighing up possibilities. "What exactly do you expect me to do about it?"

His visitor leaned back negligently in his chair and placed the tips of his fingers together judicially. "Well, now," he suggested, "you are not a poor man. I should say that the negative of that photograph ought to be worth £2,000 to you. I could, of course, ask more, but I was never a greedy man."

"I see." Mr. Babbington's voice was still toneless. "Blackmail."

Meakin Teviot frowned. "Tut, tut, my dear Mr. Babbington. Need we use such harsh words?"

Mr. Babbington was silent. He was thinking, and he bent his head towards the photograph again to hide the sudden glint that had come into his eyes. Presently he raised his head.

"If you will call here at the same time to-morrow," he said levelly, "and bring the negative with you, I will have a cheque for £2,000 ready for you."

"I have the negative with me now," his visitor pointed out helpfully.

Mr. Babbington shook his head. "You must give me time to take certain precautions about the cheque," he said meaningly.

"OF course, yes. You wouldn't want it to be traced. Very wise of you, my dear Mr. Babbington. Such a pity you weren't equally careful at Torquay."

And Meakin Teviot, collecting his hat, cane and gloves, smoothly let himself out of the door marked "Private."

Mr. Babbington's cheque-book was open on his desk when, next day, Meakin Teviot was shown by Mr. Babbington's secretary through the door marked "Private."

A few minutes later Mr. Babbington himself came bustling in. "Didn't expect you quite so promptly," he apologised as he seated himself in his swivel chair and drew the cheque-book towards him. "How shall I make it out?"

"I would suggest to bearer—and, of course, you will make it open."

"Of course," Mr. Babbington wrote out the cheque carefully, tore it from its counterfoil, and held it in readiness.

HIS visitor laughed. "Oh, come now, my dear Mr. Babbington. This isn't a smash-and-grab raid." And with studied elegance he held up a small negative to the light and tossed it on to Mr. Babbington's blotter.

"I trust," he said, looking over his shoulder before letting himself out, "that you won't do anything foolish such as attempting to stop payment of the cheque. I have one or two spare prints from the negative, you know."

Mr. Babbington bowed his head. "I feared that perhaps you might have," he said.

But there was nothing helpless about Mr. Babbington when, in answer to a telephone message about twenty minutes later, he strode into the office of his bank manager.

Meakin Teviot, scarlet of face and with the sheen of his suavity broken, was on his feet by the manager's desk, apparently in the middle of an angry expostulation, and he swung round viciously as the door closed.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked Mr. Babbington in a voice weighty with unuttered threats.

Mr. Babbington looked him up and down calmly, then turned to the manager. "I thought this would be the man," he said. "He was alone in my office for some time, less than an hour ago, and I had carelessly left my cheque-book on my desk. It was only after he had gone and I picked it up and happened to look through it that I noticed a cheque had been torn out of it, and promptly rang you up to warn you."

Mr. Babbington had produced the cheque-book from his pocket, and ruffled it open to exhibit the blank counterfoil.

"It was fortunate that you rang us up so promptly," the manager remarked. "He wasted no time. Must have come straight to the bank from your office.

"Though, in any case," he added, picking up the cheque and showing it to Mr. Babbington, "we should scarcely have cashed it. The signature is a palpable forgery. It bears scarcely any resemblance to your normal signature."

"Nothing like my signature," he agreed.

The manager stood up. "I take it you will wish to prefer a charge against this man," he said. "Would you like me to send for the police?"

"I'm not sure," said Mr. Babbington slowly, obviously weighing his words. "It seems to have been a case of sudden temptation, and a long term of penal servitude would, perhaps, be too—No!" he ended on a more determined note.

"Leave him to me. All I want you to do is to keep that cheque carefully with my other private papers. I'll take him with me to my office and give him a good talking to."

The bank manager bowed. "You are very generous, Mr. Babbington. Most men——"

When Mr. Babbington ushered Meakin Teviot into his office a few minutes later, Mrs. Babbington rose from the swivel chair.

"Ah, there you are, my dear," said Mr. Babbington, and turned to Meakin Teviot.

"I don't think you have met my wife—as my wife," Mr. Babbington said. "You knew her, of course, as Miss Nellie Marsh."

It was abundantly clear that Meakin Teviot very well remembered Miss Nellie Marsh. He sank like a punctured tyre into the chair he had so confidently occupied on two previous occasions.

"My wife," Mr. Babbington courteously explained, "was in the cupboard over there during our recent interview, and has a verbatim note of the proceedings." He turned to Mrs. Babbington. "You got it all down all right, dear?"

"Yes, George. All of it. Including the last bit when he threatened you with the copies of the photo he had kept back."

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John Bull's Short Story

"Splendid!" Mr. Babbington rubbed the palms of his hands together vigorously.

"Attempting to obtain money by threats—and then forgery on top of it. I should think about fourteen years' penal servitude would cover it."

He eyed Meakin Teviot sardonically. "You have your cheque-book with you?" he asked.

Meakin Teviot turned, if anything, a shade paler. "Y-yes," he faltered. "B-but what——?"

Mr. Babbington waved him down. "Now let me see," he mused, turning to his wife. "It was £3,000 he swindled you out of in the Brazilian Gold Reef swp. wasn't it, dear?"

Mrs. Babbington nodded. "Exactly £3,000."

"Yes, of course." Her husband appeared to ponder. "And then there is the 5 per cent. per annum he promised you on the investment. That was . . . now, let me see . . . yes, twenty-five years ago exactly. So the principal and interest together would come to—er . . ."

Mr. Babbington made a rapid calculation in his head. "Yes, of course. Exactly £6,750."

"£6,750," Mr. Babbington reminded him. "And you can make out the cheque to my wife." He handed his visitor a pen.

"I know this one hasn't got invisible ink in it," he explained.

Meakin Teviot took it with trembling fingers.

"I won't do it!" he blustered. "Damn you! I'll wreck your career before I go to prison. Your wife may put up with your double-faced tricks, but your influential clients won't be so pleased when I tell them where you were on September 27."

"On September 27," said Mr. Babbington calmly, "my wife and I were having a quiet dinner in town to celebrate our Silver Wedding day."

"It's a lie!" Meakin Teviot's voice rose raggedly. "You can't get away with it. It's a frame-up. I'll show the prints of that photograph to everyone."

"You can paste them on sandwich boards and parade Throgmorton Street with them for all I care," said Mr. Babbington. "It happens to be a photograph of my twin brother Tom."

Public Ignorance Makes Profits

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

SOME of the keenest practitioners of get-rich-quick are to be found in the wireless repair trade.

Because of the ignorance of the general public on the inner workings of wireless sets, they are carrying out, unblushingly, frauds that would make some of the worst black market operators turn pale.

Let me detail a few that have been brought to my notice by mechanics they employ:

Beware of Tricks

Sets are brought in with some minor trouble—perhaps a loose contact that can be remedied in a matter of seconds.

Lists of entirely mythical troubles are prepared for clients, and repair charges of anything up to £10 made.

One mechanic has an employer who is not even satisfied with such flagrant cheating as this.

Good parts are removed and "dud" accessories not likely to give more than a few months' service put in their place.

Customers are, in fact, called upon to pay tremendous sums to have their sets ruined.

I was told about a set that was actually put right before the customer left the shop.

But it was put away on a shelf for six weeks to justify the subsequent heavy charge that was made for repair.

One man told me of a trick of plugging sets brought in for repair to a particular aerial point to prove that reception was execrable.

Just Plug-in!

Another set was then plugged to the same point—and the results were perfect.

What is not revealed is that a flick on a hidden button would make any set give terrible results when plugged in to that particular aerial.

This trick is used to enable the dealers to get for ridiculously small prices sets submitted to them.

Let me tell the story of a luxury set sold recently to an army unit for seventy-seven guineas.

Its former owner took it in to a repair shop, where it was at once "proved" to him that it was never likely to give good results.

He was offered £3 for it. He insisted on £5—and was given it grudgingly.

It took four days to convert it from a £5 to an £80 set—and expert examination shows that the parts put into it were worth, at the very most, £7.

This, I suggest, is outright robbery at the expense of both the original owner and the certainly-not-overpaid soldiers who bought it.

I have before me another case of a woman who was offered thirty-odd shillings for her set, and by dint of much pleading got an extra 10s.

It was sold within a few days for 14 guineas. Estimated value of new parts, *plus mechanic's time*, £2 5s.

And there's the woman who, receiving an all-mains set from a relative, asked a local dealer to sell her battery set.

Originally it had cost £17. It was in excellent order when she took it along. When, weeks later, she asked whether it had been sold or not, it was demonstrated to her that it wouldn't work at all.

She took £1 for it. It was sold within a week for £15.

Too many people imagine that they are safeguarded against such robbery in these days of price control.

They are not.

So long as wireless dealers sell a set at a price not exceeding the price of that particular set when new, they have committed no offence. The price they paid and the price they got are of no concern.

This the Board of Trade must remedy—and quickly.

It must do so not only in fairness to the honest radio dealers who may come under public suspicion because of the knavery of an unscrupulous section of the trade. Not only because any form of fraud is anti-social.

But also because this form is particularly dangerous.

Most people who use wireless sets want information. It is in the highest national interest—particularly in war time—that they should get the information.

That unscrupulous dealers should exploit such an important national need to get whirlwind profits is something that should be stopped at once.

The Board of Trade has plenty of investigators to turn on to the job.

For millions of us this is the only relaxation we can enjoy during black-out hours

WHY DRAG IN THE GEESE?

NOT long ago, in an argument, I told a man that what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander.

That finished the argument. It shut him up completely. I came to the conclusion that I was a bit of a wit.

But when I got home and had time to think about it I began to wonder just what I'd meant.

★ ★ ★

Translated, I meant that what one had to put up with another ought to put up with, to even things out; that if one man had to carry a ton weight another man ought to carry a ton weight, to make things fair.

All right. Then why didn't I say so? Why drag in geese and ganders?

The geese and ganders provided a ready-made proverb, and we like to fall back on proverbs. It makes it nice and easy. If we use a proverb we don't have to stir up our brains.

It's a good thing that most of the people we argue with are as daft as ourselves. Otherwise we might be asked what we are talking about.

Sauce for the goose and sauce for the gander. . . . Sauce *with* the goose, does it mean, when the goose is served up at table? Sauce *with* the gander? In which case, why not two geese or two ganders? "What's sauce for one goose is sauce for another."

It can't mean (or can it?) sauce actually *for* the goose and the gander. That is, sauce which they eat with their mash—or whatever it is a goose feeds on. In other words, what one goose eats another goose has a right to. If so, again why not two geese? Why drag in the gander?

The fact is that we get so used to using catch phrases that we never trouble to think whether they mean anything or not. They *sound* good. O.K.

Some of us are trying to force Basic English on lesser tribes. A simple sort of English which anybody can understand.

★ ★ ★

Very nice. But why give away the simple sort of English which anybody can understand to the lesser tribes, and keep the complicated English with all its smart sayings which nobody can understand for ourselves?

After all, what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, isn't it? A. G.

Dictators on the Doorstep

THE list of local authorities which expect ratepayers to pay whatever is demanded and ask no questions grows apace.

Evesham (Worcester) Council is a case in point.

It won't let Press or public attend even its monthly meetings.

Evesham people must send this hush-hush council packing at the earliest opportunity.

And there are a few others that must go into the same oblivion.

There are the six or seven other authorities which make their full council meetings private by calling them "committees."

SOME of them pretend it is in the national interest—keeping something or other from Hitler.

The plain fact is that the Government does not trust these councils with the big secrets that are regularly communicated to journalists against whom the council doors are slammed.

They have no secrets. More often than not they are dictated by some cowardly fear of criticism.

Some have actually given higher officials big salary increases behind closed doors.

Then there are the hundreds of councils which meet in public but relegate ridiculously unimportant matters to hush-hush committees—as if they are dealing with High Affairs of State.

Many won't let Press or public hear debates concerned with such simple A.R.P. matters as the provision of water buckets or the whereabouts of ladders.

In many cases local food committees meet just as secretly—perhaps to discuss how much extra tea is needed for a party of hop-pickers!

LAUGH if you like—but it has been estimated that there are local authorities spending £50,000,000 a year who are discussing money matters partly or wholly behind closed doors.

One authority actually suggested censoring the local Press. Another refused to permit publication of the auditor's report on the council's books.

These people are taking advantage of the war to make themselves appear important.

They and their totalitarian ways must pass with the war.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. W. Taylor, Silcoates Lane, Wrenthorpe, near Wakefield, Yorkshire, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters are invited concerning any scandal or ramp, and inquiry will be made if circumstances justify. Address: JOHN BULL, *92-94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

★ A great story of skill and determination

COURAGE SAW THEM HOME

By Commodore G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

ENGINES are queer things, and engineers swear that they have individual personalities, like people, and must be humoured.

It is precious little humouring they get in war time. Journeys that used to take eighteen days in summer are now scheduled at sixteen or even fifteen in winter! Yet if you flog engines too hard, even Clydebuilt ones will go on strike.

If anything goes wrong with the works, it takes clever men to find and repair them, possibly at sea in a roaring gale, with U-boats and German bombers and enemy warships waiting to attend, and a mine likely to roll along at any moment.

That was the position aboard the *Larpool*, a 4,000-ton freighter, a vital cargo on board, six hundred miles out in the Atlantic, in some of the worst weather experienced during the autumn gales

It was bitter cold, with a grey-green sea and a greenish sky that promised more wind to come. There was sleet that whipped the tops off the waves, and spray breaking high over the decks

And then there came stumping along the *Panos*, 5,000-tonner, of London Town, also carrying an important cargo, and loaded deep. A good, sound ship, the *Panos*, snoring into the wild weather with her forward deck green.

As soon as she was sighted, the *Larpool* ran up signals, and her siren yelled a dismal complaint over the heaving sea. The *Panos* fetched round a point or two, and came up to look things over.

Now, giving a tow at sea is not the easy thing it may sound to a landsman.

It is dangerous work even to get a towline aboard in bad weather; there is always the risk of a collision, with the Atlantic in one of its moods, when you have a heavy ship careering along behind you without engines to steady her; or she may break their towlines or perhaps even tow the bitts off of one boat or the other.

Many astounding feats of towing have been performed in this war; and this job was one of the best of them. As to the vastly increased risks from enemy attack when two ships are fastened together and proceeding dead slow with the engines of only one of them working—they are as obvious to a landsman as they were to these two crews.

Daring Skipper

Still, something had to be done.

The *Panos* skipper took his boat in so daringly close to the *Larpool* that, with a less skilful seaman, she might have rolled in and damaged the other ship badly.

But he knew what he was about; and presently, after tireless attempts and a long struggle, two hawsers were made fast.

Then they got going towards England, 600 heaving miles away.

Vast mountains of water threatened both ships; the lifeboats were smashed to matchwood one by one by the hurling waves, and the davits crumpled like rams' horns; and that was a bad business if an enemy attack came, for that was no weather in which to swim to Ireland.

They walked into it at about five knots an hour; and the towed ship slapped her nose under, and her people had a struggle with her to keep her on course without engines that was an epic in itself.

Worked like Slaves

No one slept aboard that ship; the officers remained grimly on watch, and the seamen worked like slaves to fight the rising gale as best they could in their helpless state.

And so, presently, they came in sight of the Irish coast, spouting up mountains of white spray as waves burst on the cruel-looking rocks.

That was the time that a big and modern German bomber arrived overhead.

There is no chance, of course, of "evasive action" when you are towing a helpless ship practically as big as yourself in a raging Atlantic gale that has already damaged everything it can reach.

You just have to stump along, hit back as hard as you can, and trust to Neptune looking after his own.

The bomber made one attack after another, and must have set back the Reich finances by some hundreds of pounds.

And any Irish fisher-folk ashore must have had an interesting little Brock's Benefit at no charge to themselves, with a chance of betting on the result.

There was some betting among the seamen on the *Panos*, particularly by men who put great faith in the gunners. They swore that the aeroplane would be winged if she stayed more than ten minutes. Why ten minutes, I don't know; that was how the bets ran.

She did stay more than ten minutes.

Exasperated at continual failure to score a direct hit on either vessel, the German pilot brought his powerful machine down in a screeching dive at upwards of 300 miles an hour, trying to run directly over both ships at a very low level, and get some bombs plumb aboard.

The gunner on whom so much now depended, like the favourite at a big race, was keyed up to concert pitch. He held his fire till even his most enthusiastic backers were troubled; and then, suddenly, his gun spat redly upwards.

The aircraft staggered, and large lumps of metal were seen to fly off it and curve down into the shouting sea.

It had had enough. It turned hastily towards distant France, and tried to get home before it fell completely to bits.

There is every reason to suppose that it did not do so, for it was smoking blackly as it went.

Aboard the *Panos*, money changed hands amidst blasphemous and universal praise of the perspiring and embarrassed gunner who had done the job.

Even now, their troubles were not over. They ran into thick weather, nearly walked over the top of two fishing-boats, and were once twisted from under the bows of a big ship outward bound that loomed suddenly above them in the fog.

Battered but Safe

At last, having fought an unceasing gale that lasted a full week after the vessels had sighted one another, they came doggedly into port. It had taken them all that time to make 600 sea miles, and they had performed something like a miracle to do it.

They were battered and dirty, with boats smashed at the davits, and rails missing and bent, and ventilators gone; but the hatches were tight and the valuable cargoes of both boats had not suffered any sort of harm.

As to the men aboard, they were almost crazed with tiredness and loss of sleep, but they were proud of as fine an achievement as has been done in that way since the war began.

The matter of salvage remuneration was settled later in an Admiralty Court, and some interesting facts were disclosed.

The value of the ships and their cargoes represented a risk of £350,000; but it was made pretty clear that those cargoes were almost priceless to Britain at the time; and everyone knows that ships, all through this war, are priceless, too.

The *Panos* earned £7,500 for her magnificent work in saving the *Larpool* and her cargo.

I pay my tribute to a very fine piece of seamanship and courage that never flagged.

Keyed up to concert pitch, the gunner held his fire

ANY OLD BONES ?

THE most terrible weapons of destruction may have their origin in homely, harmless things. A convict in an American gaol made a deadly bomb by using a pack of playing cards to supply the explosive. Under sentence of death, he chose this way of cheating the executioner.

So, too, shells or bullets fired on land or sea or in the air are sent hurtling forth by explosives derived from meat bones.

One ounce of bones per week, for a year, from every person in Britain would make 3,750 tons of cordite—enough to fire 76,875 3.7 shells to keep the *Luftwaffe* away.

The Soul Needs Seclusion

WE all need our secret havens, in which to get tangled thoughts clear. Our personal silent dream-port, where, from its golden pier we can see Heaven's bright shores shining, see the fair isles of hopes-come-true. And the crystal pools of truth outspread, beside faith's hills of blue.

WHERE we can stay unattended in meditation and prayer, where, however much we love folk, we need not take them there. For to remain a faithful companion, a tried friend, and, indeed, heart-true, we must all have our secret refuge where we find ourselves anew. Where no one will walk with us, within our soul's quiet bay, for that's where we go in spirit, from the world to get away.

WE must all have our sacred cloister in which we rededicate ourselves to the living of life, and the facing up to fate. Where we arm ourselves with faith, and of fear our hearts divest. Where we cast our doubts behind us and set forth on our soul's great quest.—J. M.

HUMAN MACHINE

Ultimate Decency

Robert Louis Stevenson once said: "I believe in the ultimate decency of things." And someone else once remarked: "Let us be kind to one another, for most of us are fighting a hard battle."

It may be hard in these days to believe in the one or practise the other, but these two ideas do constitute a way of life and an ideal of life that no one should overlook.

No matter what happens, no matter where we may be or what we have to do, we can't go far wrong if we cling tight to that faith and that philosophy.

Indeed, the faith and the philosophy are only two facets of the same thing. If we would only all practise being kind to one another we should not have long to wait to see that "the ultimate decency of things" really lay in our own hands.

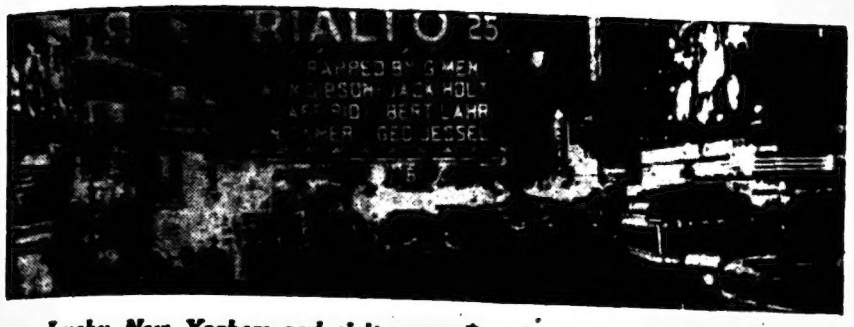
A modern disease is—and this has nothing to do with the war—emotional disorganisation. It is shown by a spiritual restlessness, a mental irritability, an aimless search for excitement and novelty.

You have only to look around to see how few people are content with their own resources and their own devices.

The result is selfishness, self-centredness, and depression. And far too many blame the unhappiness that results on to the chaotic state of the world.

We must, it is true, take the world as we find it; but we needn't let it stop at that. Our job and our duty is to assimilate what we find, and transmute it into what we need.

That is no light task. It needs all the faith and all the hope we can muster. And a belief in the ultimate decency of things is a fine guiding beacon.



Lucky New Yorkers and visitors on Broadway walk in the famous glare again

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SOME of the Fleet Air Arm men in the U.S.A. have time to hit the high spots of New York while on leave. A.M./D. W. Smith writes to his parents at Compass Road, Leicester:

We spent a week-end in New York and sailed out to have a look round. We wandered along Broadway and down 42nd Street, looking in at the Stage Door Canteen (the one the film is about). It is a grand place, where they make you as welcome as the flowers in May.

Then to Radio City Music Hall and to a film show, all with free tickets. Next day we went to a "Horror" film show, the two films being "Buckets of Blood" and "A Scream in the Night," but it was a dull show and the audience in general and we in particular were bored, not thrilled. So we went along to Jack Dempsey's Bar and cheered ourselves up. A good and hectic week-end!

News from Tokyo

After being reported "Missing," news has at last come through from Sapper Gerald Beard. He writes to a rejoicing mother at New House, Guilsfield, Welshpool, N. Wales, from a prison camp at Tokyo:

I am well and safe in Japan. My health is excellent. I have had no news of the family since November, 1941. Hope you are all well. Remember me to everyone at home. Love!

Church in the Jungle

Driver W. R. Sheppard, Transport H.Q., India Command, who escaped from the Japs in Burma, writes to his father at Benares Road, Plumstead, London, comparing St. Martin-in-the-Fields to a church in the jungle:

You have heard of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, but have you heard of St. John's-in-the-Jungle? I was there this evening.

The church is an old Indian "basha," made with bamboo and sun-baked clay. There is a thatched roof and white-washed walls. The altar is a large packing-case covered with a black-and-white cloth, on which is a jar full of jungle-grown flowers.

Music is provided by a small foot-pumped organ, with several notes missing. This instrument also suffers from chronic asthma of the bellows. But it was a good, inspiring service conducted by a padre who is a sincere and forceful preacher. The choral part of the service was not quite up to the standard of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, but it was hearty.

Beaches Cleared

Wherever the British Army lands the Navy is sure to have a busy time. Seaman D. Houston, H.M.S. ——, writes to his brother at Woodside Terrace, Glasgow:

Sorry I haven't written earlier, but we have been rather busy on a little job, which turned out quite well. Ours was among the first of the British ships to come in sight of the enemy coast on the night of the first landing.

Our little Armada lay a little way off the coast until the time due for the landing arrived. Then all was hustle and excitement. In less than four hours the job was over and we had a signal that the beaches had been cleared.

The most amazing thing about the landing was the lack of real and effective opposition, and it was not until the following morning that we were attacked from the air. Not a ship was damaged during the whole show, and we saw many, many Jerry 'planes drop from the sky.

Early Closing

When a company of the Queen's Royal Regiment clattered into a Middle East town they had an unexpected setback. L./Sgt. T. Osbon tells the sad story in a letter to his wife at Clifford Gardens, Kensal Rise, London, N.W.:

There was no food in the shops, and, worse still, no wines were to be sold after midday, and seeing that yours truly did not get into the darn place until afternoon there was not a drop to drink. After our journey, our mouths seemed to be full of sand and dust.

Altogether a most distressing business, but we soon had to leave the place.

Our next stop was much more pleasant. A town where you could get a drink, go to the pictures, and the beaches of the blue Mediterranean were only two hundred yards away. It was there that I bought your handbag, which is well on its way to you by now. I don't care how much I spend!

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

IT takes from three to six weeks for shoes to be repaired owing to labour shortage. Many amateurs could patch the family's shoes, if leather could be obtained.—J. B. B., Merton Avenue, Hillingdon, Middlesex.

* * *

How many crooners have been "directed" into the mines, or croonettes into war factories?—A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

* * *

My grocer in the Birmingham area was, until recently, supplied with biscuits by a local firm. Under the zoning scheme he now gets his supplies from Leeds! That's the way to economise on transport.—"Take the Biscuit," Brierley Hill, Staffs.

* * *

Trainees brought into Government Training Centre here have their "Medicals" after sixteen or twenty weeks' training. Those rejected are then sent home. Why not have the "Medicals" before they leave home and before they start training?—H. Price, Craig Park Crescent, Newport, Mon.

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. you will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

There'll be fortune-telling as long as people believe in it

THEY BATTEN ON DISTRACTED VICTIMS OF WAR

MOST people will agree with this letter from a woman reader:

I am feeling very indignant, and I have felt indignant for years without doing anything about it. This business of so-called fortune-telling! It is more prevalent now than ever before.

Crystal-gazers and clairvoyants are preying on the troubled minds of wives and mothers, causing untold suffering.

I know a young wife whose husband is reported "missing, believed killed," and she buoys herself up by continually frequenting fortune-tellers who, in exchange for her money, always foresee the husband's safe return.

I knew another who is lying seriously ill because a fortune-teller told her she could see the dead face of her soldier husband. These examples could be multiplied in dozens of places.

Can't the law root out these people from our midst? Or can't you, Humanist, direct a campaign warning the poor, distracted people who visit them and place so much implicit confidence in them?

This subject cropped up two or three years ago. A young woman was told that she had not long to live because her line of life was short, and the news made her desperately ill.

Idea Exploded

I received more than a hundred letters from people over fifty—in some cases over eighty—who had been told that they would not live to see twenty-five!

That old idea was thoroughly well exploded then, and I have no doubt that readers could tell similar stories of wrong predictions about absent husbands, fathers, brothers, and sweethearts during the present year.

Fortune-telling for money is illegal, and occasionally there are prosecutions in court; but everybody knows that the business goes on and will keep going on as long as people believe in it.

A few people are genuinely convinced by it, but there are thousands who have a sort of half-belief or quarter-belief that there might be something in it; and only when they are frantic with anxiety do they give way.

I can hardly "lead a campaign," but I am willing to print evidence so that people can judge for themselves.

Many readers have written to me about the subject of "happy dreams," and here are one or two. The first is from a man in his sixties:

When I was twenty-five my mother was taken ill. I went to see her as often as I could, but as she was only forty-seven, we all thought she would get better.

But one night I had a remarkable dream. I was standing in a garden when I saw a white figure flying down from the sky.

I stood in amazement and watched it enter my mother's room. It took my mother in its arms and flew back to the sky.

At breakfast time I told my landlady who was greatly impressed. During the morning a telegram came to say that my mother had died during the night. I firmly believe that she went to heaven. That dream came thirty-eight years ago, but I shall never forget it.

Another letter sent by a young soldier:

For a long time my wife and I have been wishing we had a child, but it seemed as if it would never come to pass.

Then, one night, I had a vivid dream that our dearest wish was coming true at last.

The next letter from my wife told me that she had had the same dream—in fact, we both had the same dream at the same time—and our letters had crossed in the post.

I am happy to say that a few weeks later my wife informed me that the dream was going to be realised. I might say that my wife is only slightly superstitious, but I am not the least bit.

It does sometimes happen that two people occasionally have the same dream at the same time. There is plenty of proof of that.

Peaceful Minds

I don't see how such things can be dismissed as accidents or coincidences. The only alternative is to believe that there is some kind of telepathy—that the two are (shall we say?) tuned-in to the same wavelength in their thoughts.

Altogether I had the pleasure of reading scores of happy dreams, and should like to take this opportunity of thanking all who wrote.

One interesting sidelight on human nature is that old people remember the incidents of early days far more vividly than those of midde-age. On the whole, I form the opinion that the dreams of old people are happier than those of the forties and fifties.

Either the mind is more peaceful through failing energy or they see things in truer perspective. So many things which make us hectic and frenzied in middle life really do not matter. The pity is that we take so long in finding it out.

Why not Face WINTER FITTER THAN EVER

SHE looks well, feels well, and sleeps well, and the ills of Winter never trouble her. This splendid all-round health is experienced by all who take Bile Beans regularly at bedtime.

Bile Beans tone up the system, ensure healthy regularity, and improve your figure, complexion and vitality. Colds and chills need not trouble you; you'll experience the rich glow of real fitness this Winter if you just remember to take nightly—

BILE BEANS

H. SAMUEL

THE EMPIRES LARGEST JEWELLER

99 BRANCHES Headquarters Market Street Manchester, 1

GOOD
Fruit and Sugar make good FOOD

ZONING

We are sorry that some of our customers will not be able to buy 'Chinese' Figs now. They will return again as one of the fruits of Victory.

BATGER'S 'CHINESE' FIGS

NOW ONLY 12 POINTS PER 12 OZ. DRUM

"The World's worst CORN" banished by CRO-PAX

No more "poor feet" with CRO-PAX. 30 different foot-aids to choose from.

CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS

Scientifically designed Cro-Pax foot-aids bring instant relief. From 4d to 1/- each. Obtainable from Boots, Timothy Whites, all Chemists and all Woolworth's Stores.

SPLENDOR LTD., Nottingham and London

HARLEQUIN INTERVAL

THE ingredients that helped to make Harlequin Sponge Puddings famous are now unobtainable, so no more until victory is won and peace returns.

HARLEQUIN SPONGE PUDDINGS

COLDS & 'FLU quickly banished by Cephos

Postal orders to value or quantity from 1/6 o.s. SINGLE DOSE 9d.

"Walters' Palm" SLAB Toffee for BEST COUPON VALUE! Controlled price 6d per ½lb.

LAST LAUGH

TRAVELLER (Mayfair). — "Arabs seem to be able to sleep in any position and at any angle." Folding Bedouins.

R. E. (Nottingham).—"In Germany, the penalties for listening to B.B.C. programmes are varying terms of imprisonment." In this country the penalties for listening to B.B.C. programmes are the B.B.C. programmes.

G. L. (Oxford).—"A critic describes 'Charley's Aunt' as the outstanding farce produced in this country." All right. We shall refrain from dragging in any reference to the Government scheme for agricultural labourers' cottages.

H. L. (Leeds).—"Hitler does not like people smoking." Especially those who smoke cigarettes in long holders, curved pipes and long cigars held at a triumphant tilt.

M. L. (Manchester).—"The tramp entered the boxing ring to earn, as he thought, an easy fiver, but he soon bit the dust." And so he was down and put again!

BOOKING OFFICE CLERK (London, N.W.).—"Somebody has written in for an 'express return' to Peace." That's the ticket!

MRS. L. P. (Dartford).—"My husband is said to be a good musician and a good policeman." In other words, he never misses a beat.

L. P. (Boulton).—"After receiving a note that he would die at 2 o'clock, a New Yorker was found murdered amongst the mechanism of a very large clock. The clock had stopped at that hour." In any case, he was killed on time.

J. J. (Leeds).—"One can't eat much of what one likes to-day." Or much of what one doesn't like.

C. C. (York).—"What, in a word, are the Himmler Black Guards?" Blackguards.

W. D. (Carlisle).—"I must say I have very strong nerves, and am not easily scared." See letter below.

MRS. D. (Carlisle).—"When my little girl burst a paper bag behind her daddy, he almost fainted with fright." See letter above.

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"My good man, you don't seem to realise the enormous difference there is between this war and the last."

"I does, Sir! Yer don't turn up yer trousers at the bottom in this 'un"

Side-Slips

DAILY EXPRESS:—"... the Mediterranean had been open up to SHOPPING."

LLANELLY MERCURY:—"... is to be rewarded for his courageous act in HAVING a dog's life some time ago."

EVENING EXPRESS:—"... dresses, plain wood, may include up to ..."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"... directing him to deliver his strawberry crop to a JAW manufacturer. ..."

GREATEST OF THESE

In the earliest days of 1941, Miss E. S. Prior, of "Suncot," Birch, Essex, made her will.

A sick woman at the time, she remembered the many kindnesses of friends in good health and bad.

Those little personal tributes paid, she decided to devote the balance of her small estate to suffering humanity at large.

Her choice fell on the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, for which we appeal week by week under the heading "Greatest of These."

We suppose she had read of it often.

It has brought new hope to hundreds of the Little Families of Britain—all of them the direct or indirect victims of war.

It is a fund in which shillings count.

That is why we devote every penny received to the QUICK relief of distress, gladly bearing all administrative expenses ourselves.

Miss Prior must have sensed what a real little-goes-a-long-way fund this is.

For now, as a result of her will, it benefits to the extent of £204 15s. 7d.

We of JOHN BULL know how many of the families of Britain we can help to turn Crisis Corner with two hundred odd pounds.

No doubt Miss Prior—who has set an example to others who might want to perform a last act of kindness to suffering humanity when making their wills—did, too.

Her money will be very well spent.

So will every penny contributed to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Claims are numerous, and all contributions, however small, fill a real need.

We will acknowledge every contribution where a name and address are supplied. But we welcome anonymous contributions, too. Lists of contributions are kept, and current copies will be sent to all—contributors and non-contributors alike—on application.

Miss Prior's legacy will help to turn many miserable Christmases into happy ones. Who will help to make that many more?

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1,401

FIRST PRIZE of £50 plus Radio

H. Pullen, "Ywurry," 60, Greenway Lane, Chippenham, for this "Bullet":—

CHANCE TO NOURISH BRITAIN'S "FRAME" NOW, WOOLTON!

£10: N. Buckley, 98, Bibby Rd., Southport. For Those Who Smile—The World "Is Better."

£5: J. Priestley, 1, St. George's Ave., Mexborough. Grand Old Country—Needs More Young Countrymen.

£4: G. Brewster, 13, Monks Rd., Ashby, Scunthorpe. In War's Drama—Exit "Villain"—"Curtain"—"Lights"!

£3: Mrs. A. Richer, Hawfield, Forward Green, Stowmarket. Government Of People—By People, Fortunate People!

£2: R. Hogg, 12, Lorne St., Leith. Grand Old Lady—With *Improving* "Vision," Britannia.

£50 for 4 LETTERS NEXT PAGE

6 Prizes of 20s.:

F. Archer, 30, Castle St., Burton-on-Trent. Auntie's A Fireguard, So—She's Fun In Our Locks.

L. Nodd, 86, Park Rd. W., Birkenhead. Grateful Country—Until Saved—Then Economies!

J. Hampson, 36, Stockbridge Lane, Liverpool. Our M.P. Spoke And—Proved Education Bill Urgent!

W. Moyle, 21, Colvin Rd., Thornton Heath. "I'm Sorry!"—Could Widow's Pension Speak.

Mrs. A. Newson, 3, South Green, Southwold. For Those Who Wait—Or For Customers Telephoning?

G. Ryder, 26, Helen St., Salford. Smuts—Fought "Boks"—Defends Crown.

A list of 60 winners of Christmas Cakes can be seen at these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards also awarded

OVER 210 PRIZES WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 143

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing the 4 KEY LETTERS in order H—D—B—E entered by following 13 competitors, who thus share £50: H. D. Brady, Newry; A. Broadbent, Loughborough; Dvr. B. H. Bruce, R.A.S.C., Somewhere-in-Britain; P. M. Crystal, Coatbridge; A. Goodwin, Bristol; Cpl. R. Heath, R.A.F., Somewhere-in-Britain; Miss S. Hewkin, Fleetwood; F. Houston, Ayr; H. Humphrey, Knightwick; J. Miles, Harcombe; J. G. Redcliffe, Douglas; R. Wilkinson, North Shields; Mrs. M. R. B. Williams, Sutton.

Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 52 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order above; 2nd Runners-up Awards for 154 entrants with FIRST TWO.

£100 CROSSWORD WON OUTRIGHT—See Gazette!

The Modern Preparation for the Quick, Safe Relief of Pain

WIDELY prescribed by the Medical and Dental professions, 'Alasil' Tablets are recognised to possess special properties for the relief of pain.

Remember that in their special composition and effects 'Alasil' Tablets are *different*. Prepared from the purest aspirin in combination with 'Alocol,' a recognised powerful gastric sedative and antacid. 'Alasil' Tablets possess five special advantages :—

1. *Give Quick Relief from Pain.*
2. *Help Digestion and Soothe the Stomach.*
3. *Remove Excess Acid.*
4. *Have no Ill or Unpleasant After-effects.*
5. *Are not Habit-forming.*

Take ALASIL for :—

Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pain, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Periodic Pains

6d. in Cartons. Also in Bottles 1/11½d. A.S.9.

3 reasons for using Harpic to clean the lavatory

1 EASY TO USE

To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

2 THOROUGH

Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you *don't* see as well.

3 DISINFECTS AS WELL

Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration—it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan.

HARPIC

False Teeth

Are they on your mind?

When, through shrinkage of the gums, a denture loses its original suction grip, discomfort and embarrassment serve as constant reminders of its presence in the mouth. To end this unpleasant state of denture-consciousness use KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE *for making false teeth fit firmly*. Comfort and confidence are restored and there will be no more chafing of the gums, no more embarrassing situations. Handy sprinkler tins 1/3d, also large 'Economy' size 3/3d, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

No Pain After Meals

—thanks to friend, who advised

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

"I must say I have never had anypain since. I am sending you a postcard from another sufferer. I gave him two Moorland tablets and he said the same as I do. He said he eats better and has no pains, so he and I are passing on the information."

(Signed) H. W., *Manchester*.

★ Moorland Indigestion Tablets give instant relief from indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, gastric catarrh and kindred troubles of the digestive organs. Sold at all chemists, 8½d. and 1/5d. including tax.

DOUBLE PRIZES in this anniversary 5-MINUTE CONTEST!

IT'S QUICK—IT'S EASY!

IN the next five minutes you can easily fill up the Laugh-Lines coupon below. And, thanks to the amusing Bullets on which this simplest of all Prize Contests is based, you will enjoy those five minutes thoroughly.

Clear instructions are given on your coupon. Out with your pen and try for this week's £50 and Family Cakes!

£50 CASH FIRST PRIZE

HUNDREDS of other AWARDS for 1st & 2nd RUNNERS-UP

4lb. FRUIT CAKES WITH ALL CASH PRIZES

XWORDS Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing £100 Xword Offer to:—Gazette Dept., 1, Hagsby Place, London, W.C.2.

A. Red Tape—Until Office-boy Handled It!
B. The Neutrals—Swallowed Pub Combatants' Beer!
C. Military Secret—Where Mule Will Strike!
D. Now Dad's A Fireman—Daughter's "Flame" Dreads Hatchet!
E. Battered Bomb—Hit Those Railway Sandwiches!
F. Dreams Of Hitler—Wifey—Blacks My Eye!
G. Going To The Canteen—Sergeant Nearly *Salutes* Recruit!
J. Unwanted—Anyway, China Wife Dropped!
K. She Gave One Look And—Mouse Saved Battered Burglar.

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST LAUGH LINES - ENTRY COIS BELOW

1ST 2ND 3RD 4TH

FEE 2½ PER COL. Is. FOR 6

HOW YOU CAN WIN £50

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in column of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page—or enclose with Bullets entry.

I agree to Rules and enclose the correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Jan. 1.

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, DEC. 13.

147

OVER 210 'LAUGH-LINES' PRIZES WON THIS WEEK—SEE RESULT ON PAGE 14

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality; Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. This divisle and not more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces halfrate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated Jan. 1, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

60 CHEQUES ARRIVING XMAS DAY!

60 "BULLETS" 1d. £50 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5 £4 £3 £2 50 XMAS BOXES OF £1

1000 XMAS MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Dec. 24.

IN THE NEW BRITAIN
YEAR OF VICTORY
STRENGTH OF THE ALLIES
LEGACY OF WAR
MUST BE PUT RIGHT
NO DISPUTING
RELIC OF THE PAST
TELLS US THINGS
TO HELP THE AGED
UNNECESSARY JOURNEY

BULLETS 1,401 RESULT appears on page 14

NIGHT FELL AND
COMFORTING THOUGHT
FEELING LONELY
MAKES THINGS WORSE
FAMILY SKELETON
BENEATH THE MASK
HEARTLESS
NOTHING HAPPENED, SO
LOOKS MARVELLOUS
AT THE FOREMAN'S
WEDDING

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

ENJOYING THE.....
WITH A NEW.....
GIVEN TO.....
AT SANDY'S.....
POLICY OF.....
WHEN THE..... RETURN

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Jan. 1. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, Monday, DEC. 13
1,405

Signed .....
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,405—or "Laugh-Lines" 147," JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.).

There's only so much—and so many want it!

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

Does its job against germs in the home

KH 81A-961 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

Work a Pleasure

Evening finds HEALTHY WORKERS tired but happily content with a day's work well done.

KEEP HEALTHY and efficient! Nobody can afford to be handicapped by backache, stiff, aching joints, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders or any symptom due to sluggish kidney action.

Workers on the land and in the factory use and recommend Doan's Backache Kidney Pills for banishing these troubles. This special kidney medicine brings welcome relief by helping sluggish kidneys to filter from the blood harmful impurities which cause the mischief.

Temporarily, supplies of Doan's are limited, but it is worth taking extra trouble to obtain such a dependable remedy.

1/5, 3/5 (incl. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

"I don't worry about Backache, I take Doan's."

Thanks to Phosferine I still enjoy good health

"Some years ago I had to undergo a major operation, and was advised to take life quietly. This, of course, was impossible as my family were growing up, and their demand on my strength was greater than previously. However, thanks to Phosferine, I enjoyed good health and still do so. Phosferine is all I need when feeling run down."

(*Signed*) A.K., Chiswick.

Few people are able to take life quietly—but Phosferine relieves strained nerves and a dose or two of this really great tonic will brace and invigorate you. Ask your chemist for some Phosferine today!

1/4 (No. 1 size) & **3/3** (No. 2 size)
(Including Purchase Tax)
2 *Tablets equal* 10 *drops*

PHOSFERINE
THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

This meal-time drink is a food as well

Your family's regular meal-time drink can be a good body-building, energy-giving food — Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA
makes every meal go further

-IT MUST BE
CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH
APPLY SPARINGLY-
THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED
CBBJ

"Keep it Going"

We have tried to produce a simple booklet on the care of radio sets. Not an easy job! Some people say it is far too elementary. Others claim they can't understand a word of it. Well, we've done our best to help and the price is only 6d. anyway, which is far too cheap. Get your copy, please, from a Murphy Dealer.

FROM ALL
MURPHY DEALERS

If you are quite unable to find a Murphy Dealer, as a last resort write direct to Publications Dept., Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

C.R.C.3310/129

YOUR IRON may save his life

See the dent? Only *two pounds* of scrap iron was needed to make the steel helmet that saved his life. So salvage every scrap of 'scrap.' Every ounce counts. Give *your* IRON to save *his* life.

Issued by the Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd. who ask your indulgence in regard to any difficulty you may have in obtaining IRON 'JELLOIDS' *which, for the time being, are available only in limited quantities of the 1/4 size. Price includes Purchase Tax.*

RIDE SAFELY WITH A COASTER

. . . . both hands free for steering or signalling. Ease with safety, in and out of traffic. A simple backward pressure *with the foot* and you brake SAFELY in a second.

No adjustments to make. Just a drop of oil once every two months.

FULLY COVERED BY THE PERRY GUARANTEE

PERRY
COASTER
BRAKE HUB

FREE WHEEL AND BACK PEDAL BRAKE

Please apply to your dealer or factor.

for natural pedalling

YOU HAVE JUST HEARD A TALK ON PICASSO AND HIS CIRCLE

. . . BUT THEY WERE NOT LISTENING

No, they are not devotees of modern art and this programme had no interest for them at all. Yet because they were so busy gossiping they just let the radio run on—wasting essential electricity, giving unnecessary work to valves which are difficult to replace these days, since most valves are on war service. Remember this next time a programme begins which doesn't interest you — and SWITCH OFF!

One day there will be plenty of new Mullard Sets and Valves available, and then you too, like the thousands of fortunate Mullard owners who today are enjoying trouble-free true-tone listening, can once again insist on . . . . .

MULLARD
RADIO VALVES AND SETS

CARELESS LISTENING COSTS VALVES!

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